CE $1.00

NOVEMBER 23, 1979

Nicaragua:
HE NEW CUBA?
– see page 1494

NATIONAL REVIEW

M SMTH020E- 049 7924 - 1 52 -
MR E ROY SMITH

The Movement of Student Opinion/1963, 1969, 1979

Q. 10: Which of the following four designations most nearly describes your own political temperament?

College or University	Conservative or Libertarian	Liberal	Radical	Indifferent
Sarah Lawrence	49%	20%	19%	12%
Williams	14	73	13	—
Yale	32	47	10	6
Marquette	31	45	3	21
Boston U.	19	61	7	9
Indiana U.	30	53	10	8
South Carolina	45	32	2	16
Howard	7	63	25	6
Reed	14	53	19	11
Davidson	52	44	2	2
Brandeis	13	77	2	4
Stanford	35	52	8	3

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"This is reclaimed land. The coal is out, and soon the sheep will be grazing here again."

"We need the land as much as we need the coal. We found a way to have both."

"For centuries, the Navajo have used this land for grazing their sheep," says Ben Sorrell, a Gulf Land Reclamation Supervisor. "Their whole livelihood depends on it, as it has for centuries.

Riches below

"But this land is some of the best coal-producing country in America. So the Navajo nation, which owns the land, leased part of it to Gulf's subsidiary, The Pittsburg & Midway Coal Mining Co.

"Now it's one of P&M's most productive mines. It's producing three million tons of coal a year, and it's being expanded to five million.

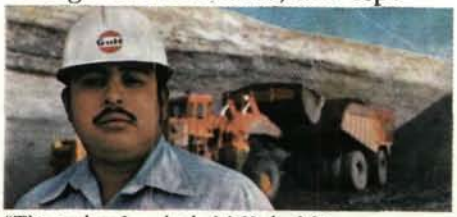
Riches above

"It's my job to put things back pretty much the way they were before mining started.

"As much as possible, we try to restore the character of the land, the general contours, and especially the drainage patterns.

"When we're finished, it's as good grazing land as it ever was—sometimes better.

"It's a real challenge, getting out the coal we need, without destroying the land, which we need just as much. I'm a Navajo myself, and I'm proud of the way Gulf is meeting that challenge."



"This is where I work: the McKinley Mine, near Gallup, New Mexico."

Gulf Oil Corporation.

Gulf

Gulf people: meeting the challenge.

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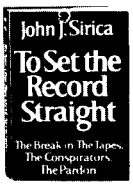
When the talk turns to books, it's usually about books like these.

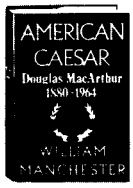
707 Pub price $15

285 Pub price $9.95

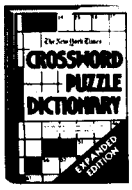


781 Pub price $15

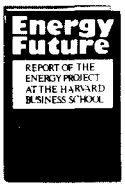
358 Pub price $8.95



487 Pub price $15

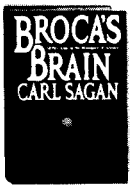


326 Pub price $13.95



042 Pub price $12.95

287 Pub price $12.95



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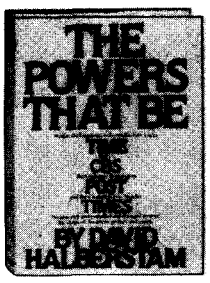

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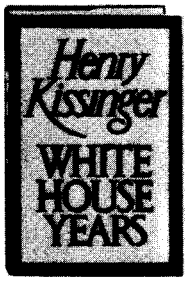

363 Pub price $22.50

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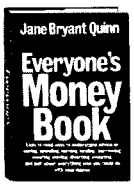

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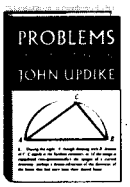
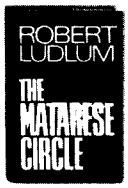


065 Pub price $10

388 Pub price $11.95



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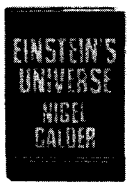

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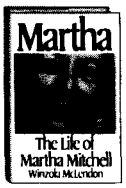

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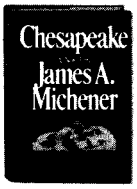
784 Pub price $12.95



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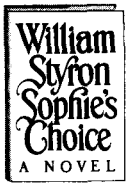

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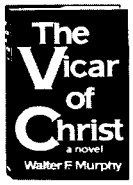

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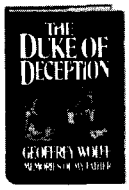

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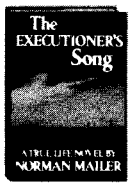

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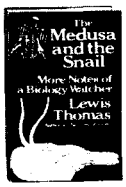

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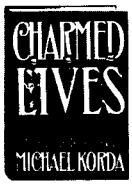

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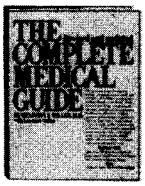

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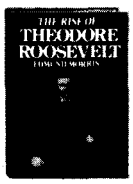

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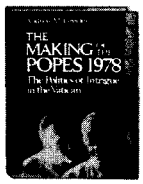

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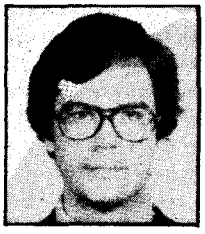

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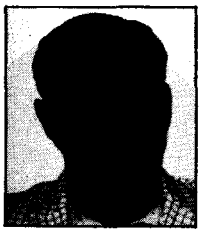

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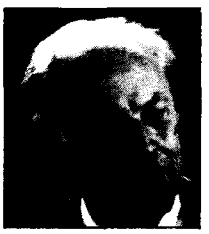

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ARTICLES & COLUMNS

1482 **The Pope and Northern Ireland**
John Paul said the struggle isn't religious. That's not quite true.
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

1483 **The Movement of Opinion on Campus**
One of the clichés of the Seventies holds that the campuses have grown more conservative. But that isn't quite how today's students see themselves. A poll of 12 colleges and universities, sponsored by the Educational Reviewer and conducted by NATIONAL REVIEW, shows that since our poll of 1969-70 student attitudes have changed—on America, on national health insurance, on war, on the socialization of industry, on religion, on radicalism. One definite improvement: a higher proportion of students will be reading our poll this year.
Charles R. Kesler

1492 **SALT and European Security**
The proposed treaty will enhance the Soviet Union's ability to fight the war NATO has refused to prepare for. *S. T. Cohen*

1494 **The New Boys in the Bunker**
How are things in Nicaragua? Totalitarian, that's how. Despite a bit of non-Marxist window-dressing, the new rulers are laying the groundwork for a police state, seizing property and currency, muzzling the press, and setting up a new educational system packed with Cubans. In the face of widespread hunger, the Sandinista are finding time and resources to give their attention to neighboring countries.
Robert S. Strother

1497 **All Eyes on Britain**
Meeting in Spain, the Mont Pelerin Society —four of whose members have been Margaret Thatcher's mentors—recently pondered the origins and prospects of economic liberty. *John Chamberlain*

1500 **The NEA Stonewall**
It's national. It's better organized and funded than the two major parties. It pays for the election of candidates it favors—with money "donated" voluntarily by members. The courts will soon decide what kind of critter NEA is. *Russell Kirk*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

1502 **Looking for Anne Frank**
The Ghost Writer, Philip Roth's latest, may try to do too much, but it succeeds very well at most of it. *David Evanier*

1503 **Blah, Blah**
Kurt Vonnegut's latest deserves something other than a conventional review, and here it is. *Victor Gold*

1504 **Airspout**
Burger's Daughter combines great themes and a dulling message. *Judith Chettle*

1505 **A Matter of Motive**
Jessica Mitford tells you how to rake muck, and what kind. *Ellen Wilson*

1506 **Lashed to the Mast**
Hugh Honour links painting with literature and philosophy in *Romanticism.*
Ruth Berenson

1507 **Looking Backward**
What the films of the Eighties were like. (You read it here first.) *John Simon*

1508 **Mass on the Mall**
The Pope showed there is more than one way to defy worldly authority.
Joseph Sobran

1509 **The Gay Beauty Pageant**
Shapely male buns pay off. *D. Keith Mano*

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1486 **help!!!**

1511 **Dark Horses**

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Cover by James W. O'Bryan

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Should Government Do More To Encourage Energy Conservation?

Conservation offers faster energy savings.

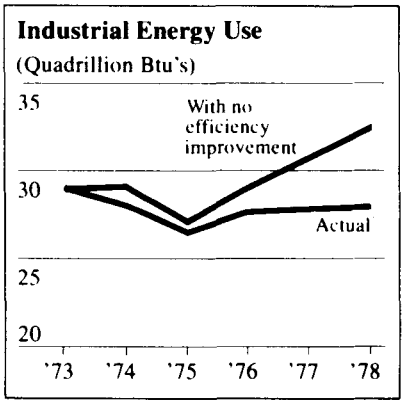
America's efforts to reduce its dependence on imported oil have most recently centered on the supply side of the energy equation. We've looked at coal, nuclear, solar and synthetic fuels and even for more domestic oil and gas, all of which have a place in the nation's energy future.

But a recent study from the Harvard Business School (*Energy Future: Report of the Energy Project at the Harvard Business School*. Edited by Robert Stobaugh and Daniel Yergin. Random House, 1979.) articulates a harsh reality in the outlook: there's no quick fix. As the study notes, technical, economic and political factors often combine to delay—for better or worse—the development of these additional sources of energy.

The urgency in these conclusions is loud and clear. If only modest amounts of new energy are available on the supply side in the near term, the nation needs a *transitional* energy source. Compelling evidence indicates that conservation—new energy from the *demand* side—is the fastest, cheapest, cleanest and most abundant new energy around. According to Stobaugh and Yergin, appropriate public policies could stimulate enough "extra conservation" to reduce imported oil's share of America's total energy supply from 24 percent in 1977 to 17 percent by the late 1980's. But how do we get "extra conservation"?

Higher energy prices aren't enough.

It's true that the rapid increase in energy prices since 1973 has been a powerful incentive to conserve.



Improvements in industrial energy efficiency, for example, saved the equivalent of two million barrels of oil per day in 1978 over what would have been required to do the same job in 1973.

Yet higher prices can't induce *all* the conservation we need to cut our dependence on foreign oil significantly in the next ten years. The irony is one well known to any consumer: sometimes you just can't afford to spend money in order to save money.

In this sense, homeowners, commercial property owners and industry are all in the same boat. They have to choose among competing demands on their financial resources—and can't make all the energy conservation investments they need. The result is that there's less private investment in energy conservation than national priorities would otherwise require.

New incentives are needed.

Proposals to encourage greater production of "conservation energy" are now being considered in the Congress. Together with the phased decontrol of energy prices, they offer important new incentives to help reduce America's dependence on imported oil.

The leading proposals—sponsored by Senators Kennedy and Durkin and Senators Wallop and Simpson—come at a critical time. Many consumers and companies have already completed the obvious projects that conserve energy at relatively little expense. What lies ahead are the big ticket items, things like new furnaces and new factories which embody new conservation technologies.

The Senators are proposing financial incentives to speed the nation's investment in energy conservation projects. The mechanisms under consideration vary considerably, and some will doubtless prove more effective in delivering "conservation energy" than others. But we think such approaches—which rely on a combination of public incentives and private judgments—are powerful tools for achieving energy security.

For more information, write "Conservation," Union Carbide Corporation, Box G-23, 270 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

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Letters

Liars, Damn Liars, Statisticians

Alan Reynolds, meet Anthony Harrigan. "The deterioration of farming regions provided the country with a weak, unstable base. This was especially the case with the rural South . . ." ["A Child of the Depression," by Anthony Harrigan, Nov. 9]. "*Business Week* speaks of 'sharply lower prices for farmers, while the goods they bought were rising in cost.' But net income of farm operators (per farm) rose 4.6 per cent in 1928, 2.3 per cent in 1929. Prices received for both livestock and crops were up in 1928 and 1929," etc. ["What Do We Know about the Great Crash?" by Alan Reynolds, Nov. 9].

More generally, Harrigan credits the Depression with refining the American spirit, while Reynolds implicitly criticizes such "ascetic notions." My sympathies on the general point lie with Reynolds, yet the disagreement over farming makes me wonder—the economic optimist supports his case with nothing but statistics (which should be distrusted as a matter of course), and I suspect a truck could be driven through that little parenthetical "per farm" (if hundreds of farmers are driven out of business, no doubt the net income of the survivors will rise).

Thanks for two interesting articles anyway.

David Fairclerk
Louisville, Ky.

Graceful Concession

Regarding the letter entitled "Power to the People" [Oct. 26], Mr. James L. Buckley's arithmetic is better than mine. The Tellico Dam storage capacity at 0.01 per cent of the TVA's total electrical generating capacity *would* be 2,865.6 KWs, not 283,559.6 KWs as my letter had indicated. The figure of kilowatt hours stands, however, and this is hydro-power generation —the best available at present.

I'll throw out my coconuts if he'll throw out his peanuts. How about pecans as a middle ground, or maybe black walnuts?

If Mr. Buckley's plans for a Senate race from Connecticut materialize, permit me to wish him every success, and he'd get my vote if I could vote in that state, snail darters notwithstanding.

J. B. Jett
Knoxville, Tenn.

Support from Moscow

Thank you for your recent article about the plight of the seven Soviet Pentecostals in the American Embassy in Moscow ["Down and Out in the American Embassy," Aug. 31]. Your criticism has contributed to a shift in the Embassy's behavior. On September 21 Ambassador Toon personally presented the case of the Vashchenkos and Chmykhalovs to a high official of the Ministry of Internal Affairs, and apparently argued that the Soviets bear final responsibility for the solution of the case.

The Soviet government has recently professed innocent surprise that it could be implicated in the situation. In answer to intercessions by Ambassador Toon and a recent congressional delegation, the Soviet government claims the Pentecostals have never applied to emigrate. This is a classic distortion.

The truth is that the Vashchenkos have experienced incredible bureaucratic machinations at the hands of various Siberian offices of OVIR (the Soviet emigration bureau). They attempted to submit their emigration application in person at the OVIR offices in Chernogorsk, Abakan, and Krasnoyarsk. All three offices refused to accept the applications. In fact, one official in Krasnoyarsk told them to submit their applications in Moscow and to consult with the consular officials at the American Embassy! When the Pentecostals attempted to enter our Embassy in Moscow, the Soviet guards—breaking the access provisions of the Vienna Consular Convention—seized Ioann Vashchenko and thus directly precipitated the long stay of the Pentecostals in the Embassy. How can the Soviet government profess innocence in this affair?

The proposal which Ambassador Toon received from the high official in the Ministry of Internal Affairs asks the Pentecostals to write out simple emigration requests which the Ambassador would then transmit to the Ministry. According to knowledgeable sources, the Pentecostals will probably write these letters. As the next step, the Soviet official proposed that the Pentecostals return home to finish the application process at the Chernogorsk OVIR office. He promised that their applications would be "considered." Undoubtedly, the Pentecostals will refuse to return to Chernogorsk for "consideration" of their applications.

And why should they? The Soviet bureaucracy inexorably pushed them to Moscow. Any decision on their case will have to be made in Moscow anyway. The Pentecostals may wish to consult with American consular officials once they leave the Embassy. Chernogorsk is a city closed to foreign diplomats and correspondents; anything could happen to the Pentecostals there and no one would be

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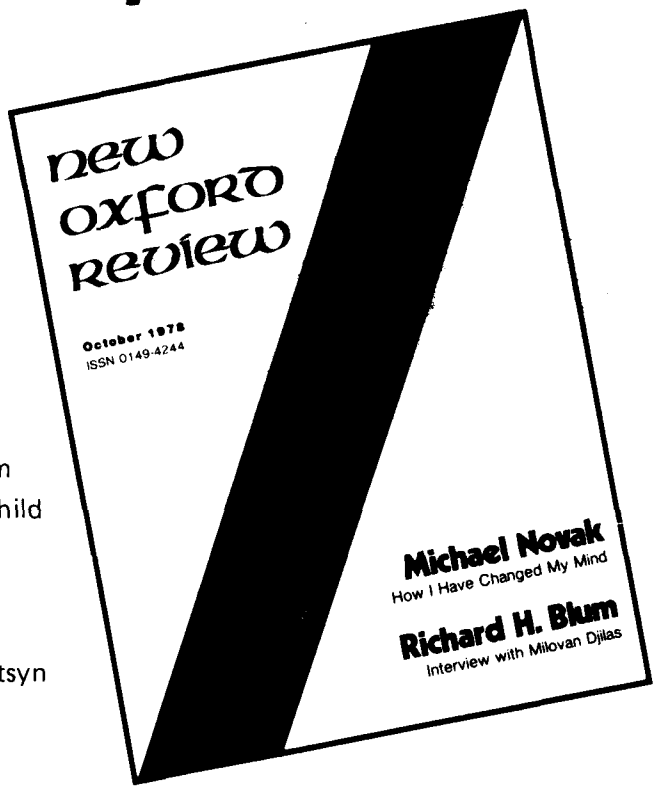

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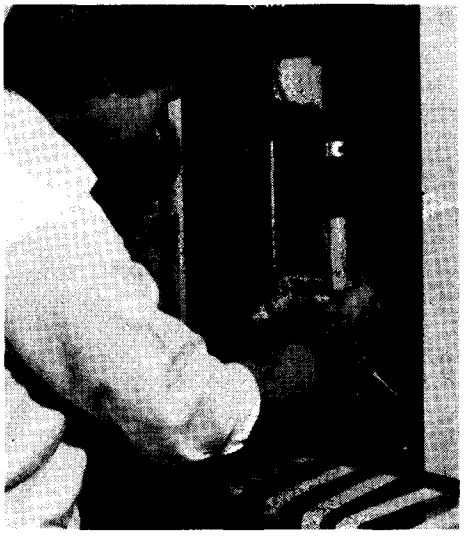

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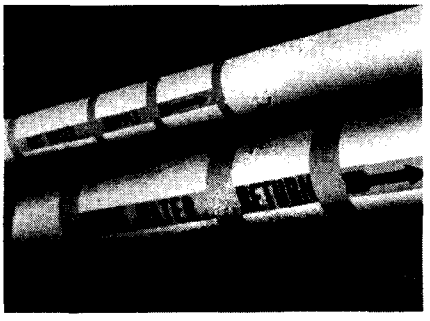

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able to help in time. And death threats have been made against the Pentecostals if they should return to Chernogorsk.

The Soviets must be made aware that their recent proposal is inadequate and unsatisfactory.

As the Embassy continues to intercede more actively on behalf of the Pentecostals, we must refocus our attention onto the basic Soviet guilt in this affair. The Soviets are responsible for a satisfactory resolution of this case; they must know that they will be judged by worldwide standards of justice and fairness, and not by Soviet standards of convenience and connivance.

Our voices must be heard at the Soviet Embassy in Washington!

Name Withheld
Moscow

Free-Floating Invention

Although I have subscribed to NATIONAL REVIEW for 12 years, I have never before felt constrained to write a letter to the editor. But someone simply must speak up about Mr. John Simon.

His movie reviews, while crisply written, are not truly criticism as commonly understood at all—rather, they are exercises in free-floating hostility. Why must he be so brutal to movie-makers? His reviews often lead one to think that producing a second-rate film is a capital offense. But it was his review of Joan Didion's *The White Album* ["De Tenuissimis Clamavi," Oct. 12] which truly infuriated me. A reader of that review would come away knowing absolutely nothing about the subject of Miss Didion's essays. In fact, every one of the references that Mr. Simon makes to the book is culled from the introduction. If he must loose his febrile animus on something, let it at least be on something he has read.

Therese Rosenblatt
Washington, D.C.

Creeping Corrections

Daniel Oliver's article "Creeping Sanity" [Oct. 26] was of great interest to one who has followed, with some sadness, the various "trips" and detours of the Episcopal Church.

But I must offer a correction. Mr. Oliver says that one of the former leaders of the Society for the Preservation of the Book of Common Prayer departed "to Constantinople." It may seem a minor point, but it is wrong and misleading to characterize joining the Orthodox Church as "going to Constantinople."

A long tradition of referring to converts to Roman Catholicism as having "gone to Rome" was probably responsible for this lapse. Unlike the Church of Rome, however, Orthodoxy does not demand the submission of the convert to a

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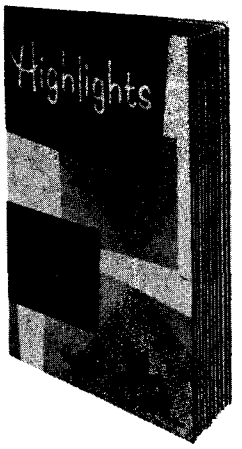

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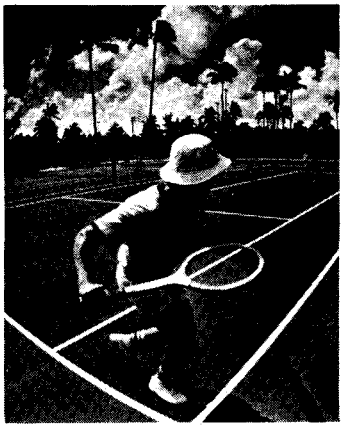

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particular episcopal see, jurisdiction, or canonical center as the criterion of membership and communion. What is essential is the acceptance of the fullness of the Apostolic Faith.

The Bishop of Constantinople, the Ecumenical Patriarch, does hold a pre-eminent position within Orthodoxy. But that position is a primacy of rank and honor. He is "the first among equals," not a sort of pope.

One final point. At the end of his article, Mr. Oliver exhorts Mr. Mano to "c'mon home." A remission of symptoms may or may not be indicative of cure and recovery. It remains possible that Mr. Mano, and others, departed because they perceived underlying causes, conditions which persist. In any event, one theological swallow does not a spiritual summer make.

Fr. John C. Belt
Eastern Orthodox Chaplain, USAF
Chanute AFB, Ill.

If Pigs Had MiGs

The essay by Lev Navrozov, "If Pigs Had Wings" [Oct. 12], could well have been subtitled "Those Whom the Gods Wish to Destroy They First Make Mad."

It appears that even the senators who are opposed to SALT II ratification have become infected by the death-wish virus. The tombstone on the open grave on your cover will no doubt eventually bear the name U.S.A.

Ralph E. Forbes
Turner, Ore.

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Stand-Offish

Barbara Nauer's letter in your September 28 issue, lamenting *NR*'s supposed hostility to the charismatic movement, has just now come to my attention. I say "supposed" in your defense: as a steady reader for 15 years now—and myself an Episcopal charismatic—I do not share her impression of *NR*'s hostility to that movement of spiritual renewal. While I would not characterize *NR*'s position as an especially approving one, neither would I label it hostile (marked by "routine putting down" or "persistent drubbings"). Instead, "stand-offish" would seem to characterize *NR*'s attitude toward the phenomenon.

I suspect that Barbara Nauer is confusing the occasional eccentricities of former columnist Malachi Martin (alternately brilliant and perverse) with the more deliberate and restrained position of the magazine as a whole. But a Malachi Martin does not speak for the entire NATIONAL REVIEW.

The same might also be said of other regular contributors who speak out in ways that occasionally depart from the position or tone of the rest of *NR*. The identity of a journal of opinion is a subtle creation, as much one of tone as of editorial position; and if *NR*'s can survive the sustained strain of accommodating D. Keith Mano (whose presence in the magazine I accommodate by not reading his column), surely it can be distinguished from the occasional pontification of others writing under their own by-lines.

Douglas W. Sterner
Highland Park, N.J.

Remember the Bible

In the excellent article "Remember the Hivites" [Oct. 12], Laurence Beilenson writes: "Hamor and his *father* King Shechem."

My Bible (King James version) states: "And when Shechem the *son* of Hamor" —Verse 2 (Genesis 34); also, "and Hamor the *father* of Shechem"—Verse 6 (Genesis 34).

Mrs. Paul Wilke
St. Paul, Minn.

For the Record

Crisp rebuttals to a couple of items that found their way into NATIONAL REVIEW's October 26 issue:

1. Peter Honerkamp ("Letters") may regret that many conservatives "still labor under the impression that Amnesty International is a left-wing organization," but they have their reasons. A little over a year ago the executive committee of AI

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hired as the organization's new head of research one Derek Roebuck, dean of law of the University of Tasmania, who has the distinction of being a card-carrying member of the Australian Communist Party. Hear Dean Roebuck on the subject of United States policies: "Australia's alliance with the U.S.A. makes us responsible. Bases in Australia are the monster's antennae. They swim in Australia's seas and feed in Australia's ports. The people of Australia must seek stronger allies. We must not be sidetracked from recognizing the foremost and consistent initiatives of the Soviet Union and other Socialist countries, with the sad exception of China."

2. I myself was an "interventionist" in 1940-41, but Professor Basil Rauch, who reviewed *Franklin D. Roosevelt and American Foreign Policy*, should be warned that charges that FDR was largely responsible for the Pearl Harbor attack are not so "easily refuted" as he asserts. The total oil embargo imposed on Japan in July 1941 by the United States, Britain, France, and the Netherlands (whose government in exile still controlled the East Indies) left Japan with only two options: either knuckle under and pull out of not only Indochina but China, as we demanded, or go to war and seize the East Indies before her remaining 18 months' oil reserves were exhausted. Even Churchill, in his history of the Second World War, described this as "a rightful but a hard demand." The real criticism of Roosevelt is that, having deliberately made war the only alternative to capitulation, he failed to prepare adequately for the possibility of war.

William A. Rusher
New York, N.Y.

Applause

Thanks so much for Daniel Dyer's "Can We Survive the Class of 1984?" [Sept. 28]. What an inspring, wonderful piece! It's just such gems that keep *NR* number one. Bravo!

Robert K. Olsen
Placentia, Calif.

Brian's Song

Many viewers of *Life of Brian* missed the point—including, alas William Buckley ["On the Right," Oct. 26]. Monty Python's Flying Circus has not burlesqued Christ's life. Rather, it has satirized the picture we paint of ourselves, as worshippers of God. Christ appears only for a brief glimpse, in aura, sleeping in the manger, Mother Mary watching over Him. The rest of the movie is the story of *Brian*. The humor was aimed at misdirected religious fervor, not by any stretch of the imagination at Christ Himself.

Jeffrey Frinzi
Phillipsburg, N.J.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Nothing to shout about for the Republicans on election day 1979. They lost both gubernatorial races, to **John Brown** in Kentucky, to **William Winter** in Mississippi; might have picked up one. . . . Many familiar names in the mayoral contests. Peck's Bad Boy, **Dennis Kucinich**, finally pushed the people of Cleveland too far; they dumped him in favor of Republican **George Voinovich**. . . . In Philadelphia former U.S. Attorney **David Marston** ran against former Congressman **William Green**. Green, the Democrat, won. (Remember Marston? he had a moment in the national limelight when **Carter** Justice Department fired him during an investigation of Democratic corruption in Philly.) . . . The indestructible **Kevin White** made it to a fourth term in race-torn Boston, and, in Minneapolis, former very liberal Rep. **Donald Fraser** beat independent **Charles Stenvig** for mayor. That could mean a comeback for **Hubert Humphrey**'s shattered Democratic-Farm-Labor Party, which lost two (2) U.S. Senate seats in 1978. . . . What the Republicans didn't do, taxpayers did: By and large they were successful in attempts to cut or tamp down state spending, picking and choosing their way carefully among bond issues. Most important victory was in California, where **Paul Gann**'s Prop. 4 passed going away. By and large it is designed to limit increased government spending to the inflation rate (see "The Week"). . . . California also passed a complicated anti-busing measure that will bear on **L.A. busing**.

■ The assumption is that, having entered the race, **Edward Kennedy** will now paddle Right and obscure his big-spending, big-government image. But how is he going about it? By surrounding himself with Left ideologues, many of them key wheeler-dealers of the **McGovern** 1972 campaign. **Morris Dees**, McGovern's talented direct-mail fund-raiser, has turned down a bid to join Kennedy; so has **Moynihan** staffer **Martin Katz**, another McGovern fund-raising veteran. Katz predicts they will spend $16 million in the "six months of the primary campaign." . . . **Ben Wattenberg**, the sparkplug of the Committee for a Democratic Majority—founded by centrist Democrats in 1972 to try to rescue the party from McGovernism—is worried. He warns that if "the Democratic Party candidate turns a cold shoulder to CDM principles [he could lose] millions of American voters." . . . AP poll of Democratic Party chairmen around the country a fortnight before Kennedy made it official shows the politicos are still suspicious of him. They said they preferred Carter to Kennedy by a better than 2 to 1 vote (1,233 to 574). . . .

Sax, *Weekend* Rothco

"Competition is what made this country great, pal!"

But there's slippage all over. Senate Majority Leader **Robert Byrd** has taken to saying unsolicited nice things about Kennedy lately, and rather nasty things about Carter. "The people of West Virginia," he will say, "give Carter quite a poor rating," and he, Byrd, "would have to agree with them." Byrd, you may remember, beat out Kennedy in a race for Democratic Whip in the Senate some time back, to Teddy's huge surprise.

■ On the Republican side, Minority Leader **Howard Baker** became an official candidate a week ago and said that although he wasn't sure he had the votes to defeat SALT II, he was "confident" he could beat either Carter or Kennedy in 1980. . . . **John Connally**, acclaimed as the Fortune 500 candidate, drew an embarrassingly sparse crowd at Republican National Committee $1,000-a-plate fund-raiser in New York Nov. 7. Put it down to his Middle East position, say the pros. . . . In New Hampshire, former *conservadísimo* Gov. **Meldrim Thomson**, having examined the GOP field and found no one acceptable, has offered himself as a presidential candidate on a new Constitution Party ticket. . . . And **Dean Martin**, explaining why he joined **Frank Sinatra** at a **Reagan** dinner, said: "He promised me a Cabinet post if he's elected—the liquor cabinet."

■ The four Carter Cabinet members who got dumped in the Camp David clean-up got together to form an alumni group, says former Treasury Secretary **Michael Blumenthal**, but it never got off the ground. **James Schlesinger** insisted he should be chairman because he had been dumped from the Cabinet of two Presidents.

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THE WEEK

■ The week's best idea, if you go in for feudalism, is submitted by noted tsimonoce J. K. Galbraith, who wants to slap a $4-per-gallon federal tax on gasoline, to keep the serfs from driving and cut oil imports. Along with this, he wants to give gas stamps to the serfs, to buy gasoline cheap, so they can drive more and increase oil imports. Who profits? Washington, OPEC, and other serf-owners.

■ The nation's one-time top law enforcement officer, Ramsey Clark, soon after leaving office declared that no crime deserved legal punishment. As we go to press, President Carter has sent Clark to Iran to plead for the release of the American hostages. We would remind the Ayatollah Khomeini that Islamic law prescribes that pernicious criminologists have their ears cropped.

■ What ever happened to the ebullience of President Carter's early promise to bring forth a SALT II treaty for the whole nation to be proud of? Somewhere along the way it has played out. The case for the treaty is now reduced to the level of the defense put up in a fabled paternity case—"After all, it's only a *little* bastard." In place of arguing on a basis of intrinsic merits, treaty advocates have been relying more and more on alleged dangerous consequences of rejection by the Senate. A favorite one concerns the dismantling of the North Atlantic Alliance, deserted by European members in dismay at U.S. waywardness. Secretary of State Vance's glum "I don't know" in answer to a question as to whether NATO could survive rejection of the treaty supplied the original boost. West Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and Defense Minister Hans Apel helped out by voicing earnest pleas for Senate approval during visits to the U.S. Latterly, however, the argument has lost most of its steam—thanks in large part to an initiative by Franz Ludwig Schenk Graf von Stauffenberg, who forced the issue in the Bundestag at Bonn and elicited the German government's disavowal of any linkage between loyalty to the Alliance and the SALT ratification process.

■ On November 6, California voters approved Proposition 4, which severely limits increases in state, county, and local budgets. Author of the measure is Paul Gann, co-author of Proposition 13, which reduced California property taxes by 57 per cent. The new measure is designed to keep government from jacking up other taxes to replace "lost" property tax revenue. Critics call it a "straitjacket" on government. No problem. There will be plenty of revenues when the other 200 million Americans move out there.

■ A few days ago New York's Mayor Koch was speaking to a convention of 3,500 people at the Hilton when three cranks rushed to the platform, scrimmaged, hit him in the face with an egg . . . and you know how it goes. Or do you? This time, Officialdom in the person of the Mayor scuffled right back, called the cops, insisted on pressing charges, hopped down to the station house and had the rascals booked on charges of assault, and announced: "This is not Iran. Someone has to stand up against these nuts." Why hadn't anyone thought of that before?

■ A suicide prevention center in Indianapolis reports that distress calls from those unable to cope with inflation are up 35 per cent from last year.

■ The news that the Communist Workers' Party of America and the Ku Klux Klan got into a shoot-out in Greensboro, N.C. arouses, let us say, mixed feelings. How does one feel when Hitler attacks Stalin? When Vietnam invades Cambodia? Well, we know how the *Washington Post* feels. They are prepared to interpret the deaths of five Communists as evidence of Klan resurgence in the South, and chastise the Greensboro police for failure to provide adequate protection. But in fact the CWPA organized their Death-to-the-Klan rally for the sole purpose of provoking a confrontation. For weeks before the march they had circulated fliers labeling the Klansmen cowards, but also challenging them "to come out and face the wrath of the people." When the police attempted to supervise the march, the Communists began shouting, "Death to the pigs." Both groups were armed. The Klansmen turned out to be better shots.

■ Jeane Kirkpatrick's essay in the current *Commentary* ("Dictatorships and Double Standards") is a major contribution to the understanding of American policy failures in such seemingly disparate countries as Iran and Nicaragua. Although a functioning democracy is the rarest political system on earth, achieved only through long centuries of sometimes agonized evolution, American policy rests on the presumption that democracy is a genuine alternative, right now, to any undemocratic regime anywhere in the world (except within the Communist bloc). Let any autocratic regime that has been our ally find itself the target of a riotous mob; we waffle, wondering whether our ally enjoys the confidence of his people. We withdraw military support of the regime and begin to favor a "moderate" amongst the rebels. The regime collapses. The "moderate" is installed and chaos is

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Have you met Misha? If you haven't, we expect that you will. He's the toy mascot of the Moscow Olympics, a brown Russian bear, and he's described inevitably but not inaccurately as cuddly. Over the next year he will be winning the hearts of kids from six to sixty, as he's clutched to peace-loving breasts around the world. Even now, factories are gearing up to produce those furry little Mishas by the truckload.

We've spotted two of those factories. One of them is in San Francisco and is run by associates of John Tunney. The other is in Kalinin and is run by associates of Nikolai Sharegin. There is a difference between these two factories, and as a discriminating consumer you may want to make note of it.

John Tunney is of course the former senator from California. Between his defeat at the hands of Sam Hayakawa and his presumptive return to Capital power at the elbow of Edward M. Kennedy, Tunney has been casting about for just the right opportunity. In due course, said opportunity wandered tantalizingly across his path. Cranking up an outfit called Image Factory, he picked up on the Moscow Olympics. With the help of his political contacts, including Kennedy in-law Sargent Shriver, Tunney was able to land American marketing rights to the symbols and logos of the Moscow games. The right opportunity, indeed. By the estimate of one Image Factory official, American fans will buy $22 million worth of Moscow trinkets in the next nine months. Most of the royalties will be returned to the Soviets, we hear, but there will be plenty left over for Tunney and his Image Factory. Profit margins are agreeably wide in the novelty business.

However profitable the San Francisco-manufactured Mishas may be, the Kalinin version is expected to be more profitable still. Nikolai Sharegin explained the economics during his recent testimony here at the International Sakharov Hearings, a sadly underreported event. Just a word about Sharegin to establish his *bona fides*. A native of the Ukraine, Sharegin had lived in the West for 28 years when he was invited to do business with the Soviets in 1968. Eager to advance the interests of the British electronics firm he represented, Sharegin made plans for a 12-day sales trip to Moscow. Things went well until the next-to-last day, when the KGB popped the question—would he run a few errands for the Kremlin upon his return to the West? It was an offer that Sharegin could not refuse, but he refused it nonetheless. The KGB thereupon accused him of spying against the Soviet state and clapped him in jail. For the next ten years, Nikolai Sharegin was sent island-hopping through the Gulag Archipelago —from prison to forced labor camp to psychiatric hospital. *For ten years.* He saw it all, and fortunately for those who choose to forget such things he remembered it all. His testimony reveals many of the ugly secrets of the Soviet industrial machine.

At Vladimir, Sharegin found "workers" chained to their benches hammering out the metal souvenirs that will be sold at the Olympic stadium. Elsewhere in the Gulag he found men conscripted for work mining and enriching uranium, certain in the knowledge that they would be dead within a few years. Said Sharegin softly, "Some were very yellow, very white or grey. And some were shining like the moon." A case of eggs and omelettes, presumably. The energy so produced will light the stadia, heat the tourist hotels, and provide the power for the worldwide transmission of NBC's television signal. And it was in the labor camp at Vasilyev Mokh, in the Kalinin region, that Sharegin found the prisoners making those furry little Mishas. The labor costs in the factories of Kalinin, explained Sharegin, are rock-bottom.

All of which prompts a few questions to John Tunney:

1. Senator, didn't you support the boycott of American lettuce, on the grounds that lettuce workers were receiving low wages and inadequate fringe benefits? Hasn't your position been that the conditions under which goods are produced should be the controlling factor in a consumer's decision to purchase or not to purchase?

2. Didn't you take the same position, and for the same reason, in the boycott of grapes?

3. Haven't you expressed support for the NOW-sponsored boycott of states that have not ratified the Equal Rights Amendment? Shouldn't one infer therefrom that you believe the cause of equal rights takes precedence over commercial considerations?

4. Are you not a supporter of human rights in general and of the Helsinki accords in particular?

5. Have you made any arrangements to distinguish your American-made products from those produced by slave labor in the Gulag?

6. Have you made any effort to determine how the Soviets will use the royalty payments to be received from your firm?

7. Would you care to clarify your position?

—CATO

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compounded. The military arm of the insurgents vomits up the "moderate" and installs a totalitarian regime. We lose an ally, perhaps a military base, perhaps a piece of strategic real estate, perhaps access to natural resources, and certainly always we lose credibility as an ally of the remaining regimes that consider themselves our allies. The "other side" gains what we lose. The world gains a new flood of refugees. And so it will continue, until Washington learns that there are a hundred countries out there that don't stand the faintest chance of following in our footsteps within our lifetimes—even if they wanted to.

■ Everyone knows by now that the Cambodians are starving, and starving not because of the mythical "poor harvest" that visits every Communized land but because of the deliberate policies of two conflicting regimes, both of them Communist. Only 10 per cent of the arable land in Cambodia was planted this season. The Vietnamese regime, having occupied Cambodia, intends to allow the Cambodians to starve to death. Last month President Carter authorized the sale of 25 million metric tons of corn and wheat to Moscow in the next year. Such flawless liberals as James Reston of the *New York Times* and the Reverend Theodore Hesburgh, president of

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Notre Dame, have responded with the sensible proposal that the U.S. cut off the grain shipments to Moscow as long as Moscow condones genocide by starvation. While they ponder this in the White House (how many votes would it cost Carter in the Midwest?), the bodies pile up.

■ The trial of the six Czechs who allegedly monitored Helsinki violations by their government got some media attention in the West. Less publicized has been the arrest of 11 Czech Catholics for allegedly publishing religious literature without the leave of the state. The charges are framed in such terms as "obstructing state supervision of the church and religious associations." Among those held on this one is Josef Zverina, a 65-year-old Jesuit who is known as Czechoslovakia's leading theologian. Others are held for "illicit trading," which means the clandestine circulation of elementary catechetical materials unauthorized by the state. "The little which the censors allow to be published," wrote a group of Czech Catholics in an appeal to the Pope, "is only in order to create the impression of a church without a future."

■ Remember back in 1975 when all the liberals were telling us that if we didn't play our cards right, Angola would become another Vietnam? Well, we didn't—and it did. The Marxist regime there (né MPLA), invigorated by the presence of thirty thousand Cuban troops, has been in power for four years, during which, however, the government has steadily lost territory to the UNITA guerrillas, who now control the southern portion of the country, an area the size of France. The UNITA leader, Jonas Savimbi (the guy we would have aided if we *had* played our cards right), is now in the U.S. at the invitation of Freedom House, hoping to drum up support for his war against the MPLA and the Cubans. With aid, he told *Newsweek*'s Arnaud de Borchgrave, "we will end this absurd reputation Cuba has for military invincibility in Africa." Noting the ambitious plans of the Soviets in Zaire, Rhodesia, Zambia, and Namibia, he said, "We all understand that you don't want to get involved yourselves, but then you should help your friends help themselves."

■ African rulers are smarter these days, no kidding. Time was they sold their subjects to rapacious whites for rum and gimcracks. Now, they demand flesh-and-blood mercenaries in return. A Rotterdam newspaper (*Handelsblad*) reports that over a thousand Congolese, six hundred of them younger than 15, have been sent to Cuba for a 15-year "training" period. When two pilots, a Frenchman and a Senegalese, refused to take a plane-load because the under-age passengers had no evidence of parental consent, the Congolese engaged two new pilots. Troops kept weeping mothers back from the Brazzaville airport. There are two thousand Cuban "technicians" in the Congo. Hell, for all those technicians, you can't begrudge Castro a thousand slaves.

Langdon, *Punch* Rotheo

"Blast! Just dropped five hundred Warsaw Pact missiles."

■ Jane Fonda is in a new movie, called *Whatever Works*. But this time she is not so much the star as the subject: her leading man is Tom Hayden, and the film is assembled from clips of her in Hanoi, Tom in Chicago, both together anti-nuking it up all over. It also contains interviews with critics of them and their new baby, the Campaign for Economic Democracy, including Robert Novak, Kevin Phillips, Joan Baez, and a former POW whose torments included being forced to listen to the Fondas' speeches. For rental or purchase information, consult Mr. Tom Pauken, 5114 Willis Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75206.

■ The well-known rat-hole has received official confirmation in a recent Treasury ruling that "a 'tax' is a compulsory payment for which no specific benefit is received in return."

■ Cause: The Labor Department is taking a dim view of Idaho children making a few bucks picking strawberries, and are trying to stop it. Effect: Idaho's strawberry crop has declined over 50 per cent. Conclusion: The Labor Department does not like children or strawberries.

■ Employee pension funds, universities, insurance companies, and some charitable institutions just got a nice windfall, and they're catching hell for it. Il Goober him-

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Carter's Ants

Exuding card files from their vests,
This door-to-door type ant attests
To organizing as a tool
When caucus contests are the rule.
In Florida, the system works.
In Iowa, persistent clerks
May pull it off for Carter, too,
But ant hills can't beat Teddy-poo.

W. H. VON DREELE

self says it "isn't fair" to the American people. What has Mr. Carter got against pension funds? These institutions own a sizable majority of Exxon and other big oil companies that reported big profit gains for the last quarter.

■ Secret Service agents have just discovered that the symbol on their little identifying badges means they've had a vasectomy.

Stonewalled in Iran

The list of things that couldn't be done was as long as your arm. We couldn't stage an Entebbe-style rescue of the Americans being held as hostages for our betrayal of the Shah; prepare and launch military operations of an alternative sort in time to do any good; maintain the lines of communication required for any such operations over so great a distance without exposing ourselves to unacceptable risks elsewhere; afford to worsen the imperilment of those Americans in Iran not yet being held as hostages; gain anything by breaking relations with a regime that was refusing to treat with us anyway; risk a cutoff of petroleum; seize Iranian assets in this country or take similar reprisals by applying the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act without going into a state of formal belligerency; get anywhere by declaring war; accomplish anything by crying shame on a regime more intent on getting even than on getting ahead; or stoop to the unthinkable expedient of bartering the Shah's safety in order to appease the miscreants.

Thousands of armchair field marshals came up against no end of stonewalls in trying to think up a quick fix for our Iranian predicament. Outsiders were reduced to the same level of haplessness as the U.S. Government itself. The only recourse left was that resorted to by the late General Joe Stillwell on being driven out of Burma in World War II. Avoiding any rationalizations about masterly retreats and regrouping of forces, he said for all the world to hear, "We took one hell of a beating."

There is at least a measure of balm to the spirit in touching base with the Confucian principle of calling things by their right names. All of us—and pre-eminently the Carter Administration—can gain at least that benefit. Specifically, the practice of passing off inaction as the avoidance of over-reaction can be abandoned.

Another lesson to be learned concerns the price of reducing commitments, shucking off responsibilities, and militarily unburdening ourselves. The price must be measured in indignities accepted. A United States intent on becoming less formidable around the globe must learn to reconcile itself to affronts. If it cannot learn to abide them, it must replenish its strength.

Anchors Away

Speaking of Iran, such international crises are probably not going to involve atomic warfare. The existence of huge atomic stockpiles virtually ensures that they will not. Therefore, our national interest will be defended by ships, planes, and combat troops.

The Ayatollah and other statesmen have demonstrated that, to put it one way, it's not Charlie the Tuna out there, it's Jaws. But in the Persian Gulf area, so vital to our interests, our atomic capability is useless and our conventional options are limited.

Where the U.S. Navy is concerned, the curve has been steadily down. In 1964, we had 917 ships on active duty and 85 ships in reserve. We now have 455 ships active and 59 in reserve. The Navy has been cut in half. During the 1960s, Congress funded 336 new ships; during the 1970s, 155. Current projections for the decade of the 1980s involve plans for 134 new ships.

In a nuclear stalemate, the Navy becomes a principal strategic weapon, a vital mode of projecting American power into areas where our national interest is at stake. Geopolitically, the U.S. is a sea power, its lifelines over salt water. Nevertheless, the capacities of the U.S. Navy are shrinking, not only in absolute numbers but relative to the tasks that lie ahead. And not only ahead. The Ayatollah isn't worried about our ICBMs. A fast carrier task force might be a different story.

Memo to Teddy White

Senator Kennedy, so ran the conventional wisdom, had finally put Chappaquiddick behind him. Two cover stories in *The New York Times Magazine* were held to symbolize the shift in the national mood. The first, "Chappaquiddick + 5," on the fifth anniversary of the accident, exhaustive and hostile, was widely credited with having helped to keep Kennedy out of the 1976 race. The second, "The Kennedy Mystique," on the tenth anniversary, was exhaustive and sympathetic. Chappa-

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quiddick appeared as a detail in a full-length portrait. Once again, the *Times* criticized Kennedy's conduct, but now also argued that he had "matured" because of the "tragedy." "The Kennedy Mystique" seemed to signal a Chappaquiddick armistice; Kennedy had the permission of the nation's most important newspaper, and *a fortiori* of the nation, to concentrate on his leadership and Carter's incompetence.

CBS's hour-long special, "Teddy," opened the war all over again. Faced with the unaggressive questioning of Roger Mudd, Kennedy made a hash of things. He referred to the accident as "the incident," and to his actions as "the conduct." When asked how he could have mistaken the ferry road—paved, marked, veering to the left—for the dyke road—unpaved, unmarked, angling sharply to the right—Kennedy gave a lecture on transportation in rural Massachusetts ("you go from paved to unpaved, really without interruption"). He rambled and evaded, and delivered more stammers and sentence fragments than Dwight Eisenhower.

Foes licked their chops, friends wailed: "The Senator went on automatic pilot. Out came the terse, standardized replies he has been offering since 1968" (Harriet van Horne, *New York Post*). "I found him to be annoying, wanting, and disturbing . . . insincere . . . maddening and unacceptable" (Jimmy Breslin, *Daily News*). "All those who had anything to do with the Chappaquiddick affair and its aftermath owe the nation an accounting" (*New York Times*). The *Wall Street Journal* ran a long and damning editorial, complete with pictures (pictures! The *Wall Street Journal*!) and excerpts from the Kopechne inquest. More will follow.

Kennedy's well-wishers in the media will probably be satisfied with whatever bone of a statement Kennedy tosses them. They have too much invested in his success to do otherwise. Yet Kennedy, one assumes, cannot reveal too much or his enemies will have his head—an assumption encouraged by Kennedy's own pregnant silence over the last ten years.

It will be a crucial chapter in the *Making of the President—1980*. Perhaps a turning point.

Who Will Rid Us of the Damnable Park?

President John F. Kennedy's criticism of affairs in South Vietnam and hints of better possibilities with a change in attitude at the apex of authority—voiced in a TV interview on Labor Day in 1963—prompted a crossing of fingers among those knowledgeable about traditional societies. How to change attitudes topside without changing rulers and how to change rulers without doing in the incumbent are all too likely to be beyond human contrivance in such societies. It is impossible to prove causation in these matters, but the fateful assassinations that soon followed in Saigon may well have been unintended consequences of the President's publicly expressed wishes for improvement.

Probably no one can tell for sure what caused what in the gunning down of South Korea's President Park Chung Hee—a despot, retentive of authority. President Carter and his Administration long and explicitly avowed their displeasure at his methods even while approving the regime's palpable successes. Sometimes this was done without a great deal of tact: on visiting South Korea President Carter posed his counsel for improvement to the Buddhist Park in terms of Christian doctrine.

On being asked to sum up the wisdom of the ages, the Sphinx, according to legend, replied, "Don't expect too much." It is a sound precept for dealing with political societies still short of civil virtues hard to learn. The mutual forbearance that permits a chief of state to escape death or exile is such a virtue. Even the staid British in our own century did not know what to do with an exking except exile him. Whether by virtue or luck, the Americans' salient contribution to political standards is the example of that kind of mutual forbearance—first in the instance of George Washington and then with 26 of his successors. Fortunately, the example has caught on widely. Unfortunately, it has not caught on universally. In many societies despots feel compelled to hold on for fear of the consequences of losing power, thereby persevere in despotism, and are overtaken by the fate of despots. The circumstance is deplorable, but preaching is not the remedy.

Modest Proposals: Theirs and Ours

After six months and $3 million, the President's Commission on the Accident at Three Mile Island issued its observations and recommendations. Most of the former are unexceptionable. Metropolitan Edison, the relevant utility, fumbled badly in informing the public. The crucial failures at the Three Mile Island plant involved people, not machines (nuclear power plant operators, it turns out, are paid half as much as airline pilots). And no one —the assertion is confirmed for the hundredth time— was killed: "Most of the radiation was contained and the actual release will have a negligible effect on the physical health of individuals. It is entirely possible that not a single extra cancer death will result." ("*Every* dose of radiation is an overdose."—George Wald.)

When it came to making recommendations, however, the Commission went askew. Specifically, it called for a "total restructuring" of the NRC. "We recommend that it be an independent agency within the Executive Branch, headed by a single administrator, who is in every sense

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chief executive officer." Confusion within the NRC—part bureaucratic, part ideological—is real, and the members of the President's Commission are not the first people to notice it. The *Detroit News* reported, way back in April, that ideological divisions on the NRC staff had "considerably slowed inspection and licensing processes." One anonymous source, the *News* went on, said disputes had "left the agency semiparalyzed in dealing with reports of safety flaws at the Three Mile Island plant . . ." Only last week, the Operations Director of the NRC quit his job, citing fractious Commissioners and the difficulties of serving a divided Commission.

Why would the Commission's proposed solution be any improvement? One man may bend to ideological pressures as easily as five—indeed, may bend to them more completely—while, on the Commission's own showing, several of the NRC's blunders were endemic to the regulatory process itself: "Since utilities have a tendency of equating the passing of an NRC examination with the satisfactory training of operators, NRC may be perpetuating a level of mediocrity."

The ideological low pressure systems can be dissipated only by determined leadership from America's politicians and opinion-makers. President Carter, the *soi-disant* nuclear physicist, should announce what he surely knows—that nuclear power is cleaner, safer, and cheaper than any other available energy source, and that he will be no party to placing unnecessary restrictions on it, or to funneling tax money into pie-in-the-sky alternatives.

Republicans

Ronald Reagan is a shoo-in for the Republican nomination, right? Judging by the multiplicity of other Republican contenders, that proposition invites some skepticism. Those contenders are beginning to deploy their considerable assets, and public opinion polls can change dramatically.

George Bush, working away quietly like a mole in a putting green, just scored an important media breakthrough by winning, *winning*, the straw vote in the Maine Republican forum. Overnight he became a serious candidate, defeating, for example, Howard Baker, despite strong Baker support from Maine's popular Senator William Cohen. Until now Bush has been invisible in the polls, but that will change. He has organized well in Iowa and New Hampshire and hopes to emerge early as the credible alternative to Reagan.

Senator Howard Baker, meanwhile, formally announced his candidacy, and, speaking in the Senate caucus room, came on distinctively hawkish. He's against SALT II, strongly against it, and favors a tough line on relations with the Soviets. Baker has good polls, high name recognition, the respect of professionals, and few enemies. If the U.S. Senate elected Presidents, Baker would get the Republicans, of course, but also a majority of the *Democratic* votes.

The Dismal Science

Disintermediation speeds apace;
Cash flows from banks like blood from Lucy's vein,
Yet there's no Dracula whose toothy face
Sucks money from the tellers like champagne.
One turns again to that last Louis' reign
Before the tumbrils settled things for good.
Is there no profit from the monarch's pain?
Economists would tell us if they could,
But most stand, petrified, where Hoover stood,
Surveying seas uncharted by their peers.
I'd just as soon lean on Red Riding Hood,
Who felt a faint unease from grandma's ears.
As for what Teddy thinks, the writing's clear:
Abandon hope all ye who enter here.

W. H. VON DREELE

In the year 1979, be it noted, "moderate Republicanism" is represented not by John Lindsay or Mac Mathias, but by a) a former CIA director, and b) a Border State hawk—both of whom favor deep tax cuts and a tough foreign policy. Things aren't all bad.

Meanwhile, on Cape Cod, Representative Phil Crane swept a New England Republican caucus, defeating everyone. Crane has perfected his standard speech, raised a lot of money, and hopes to score early. He's stressing economic issues, and backs Kemp-Roth. In response to personal attacks in the *Manchester Union Leader*, some Crane supporters are wearing buttons that announce "1,000."

Three Republican candidates—Reagan, Connally, and Crane—have, together, raised about four times as much campaign money as the president of the United States. Connally has raised so much, over $5 million, that he just might waive federal matching funds. On March 8, having spent half a million there, Connally hopes to derail Reagan in South Carolina.

These candidates don't believe current polls are important. On the issues, they largely agree with Reagan—and, in fact, Reagan has won the principal policy issues within the Republican Party. But there are those who think the country is ready for a fresh face and a President who, potentially, could serve two terms. When Reagan announces formally in his nationwide TV address on November 13, he may blow them all away, but they don't think so. And every one of these candidates believes that he can defeat the Dreadnought from Massachusetts.

Can Chrysler Bail Out Carter?

The way the newspapers tell it, the Carter Administration has proposed a federal loan guarantee of $1.5 billion to help the Chrysler Corporation stay in business

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Here are four good reasons why you should *want* to give NR this Christmas!

1. This coming year will be vital for all of us. The '80 election campaign (already red hot) will be the most crucial in our history — and the most interesting. And NR is always at its very best in reporting the news and commentary you can't find elsewhere at a time like this (what better occasion to introduce someone you know to *National Review*?). That's why we're making this year's Christmas offer an Election Year Special subscription that will start in mid-January, cover the whole election campaign, and end with our pre-election issue just before November 6!

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(the company reported a loss of $460 million in the September quarter and may run up losses of $1 billion next year). But it is common knowledge among journalists that the "Chrysler bail-out" contains a hidden agenda, which is simply the reverse of the headlines: the loan to Chrysler is intended to prop up Mr. Carter's rickety political machine.

The press has, to be sure, reported here and there on the flood of federal contracts gushing into states where Mr. Carter desires a good showing in the primaries; Florida was an egregious example. The press has yet to notice the exquisite timing of the release of $71 million of federal funds to New Hampshire, where Mr. Carter has also proposed an enormous boondoggle, a commuter rail service between Concord and Boston (Kennedy Kountry). It is not irrelevant that the Chrysler loan will make hundreds of thousands of people grateful to Mr. Carter in certain areas where Chrysler and Carter would both like to improve their operations: New York, Delaware, Ohio, Illinois (are you listening, Chicago?), Missouri, Indiana.

The Chrysler scheme is indefensible on grounds of economics or equity. It is a bit of routine vote-buying and everyone knows it. What a pity Mr. Nixon isn't in office. Then the press could find its tongue, and what heroes they would proclaim themselves to be! Pulitzer Prizes would be flying through the air like brickbats, or federal contracts.

Thatcher KOs Currency Controls

Two moves—one gesture, one reform—have been very encouraging. The first was that Mrs. Thatcher recommended a Life Peerage for Ralph Harris, who runs the Institute of Economic Affairs (the friendly folk who effectively introduced Milton Friedman to British audiences). Harris has chosen the title Lord Harris of High Cross, on the grounds that a market cross is a good symbol for a Christian economist.

About the reform: For the first time since the start of World War II all currency exchange controls for British residents have been abolished. Britons (who at one stage were allowed to take abroad only the equivalent of about $200) can now change their money into any currency they like (except Rhodesian), keep overseas bank accounts without needing Bank of England permission, emigrate with all their capital, own gold bullion, and invest or buy property overseas without having to pay a prohibitive premium.

Exchange controls were greatly alleviated in the Conservative Government's first budget last June; now they have been done away with. The Labor Opposition bleated about the imprudence of such an act, controls to a true socialist being desirable for their own sake. In reality Sir Geoffrey Howe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was taking no immediate risk whatever. Partly through the weakness of the dollar, partly because of North Sea oil, the pound is today somewhat overvalued, which makes selling overseas more difficult. The Bank of England would be quite happy to see it fall a little.

But the important point is philosophic. British conservatives have argued for many years that in a free country people must be allowed to leave taking their money with them; it was shameful, they said, that no recent Conservative Government has seemed in the least concerned about the denial of this basic liberty. Now, after forty years, a Conservative Government has indeed knocked off the chains.

Alexandra Tolstoy, R I P

One of Israel's memorials to the Jewish victims of the Nazi regime consists of a grove of trees, each dedicated to a person who helped a refugee escape. If Russia is ever in a condition to have such a monument, Alexandra Tolstoy will rate a small forest. She was the favorite daughter of Russia's most prestigious genius, notwithstanding which the Soviet government arrested her five times. She left Russia, finally, rather than teach anti-religious propaganda in the schools on her father's former estate. She spent the last forty of her 95 years superintending the Tolstoy Foundation in New York, urging America to accept more Russian exiles, smoothing their transition to freedom; helping, serving. Artists may reflect with humility that while her titanic father chronicled the world's messes, Alexandra labored patiently, stubbornly to clean them up.

Mamie, R I P

Mamie was quite splendid. She constructed no particular philosophy around her intuitive decision that she and Ike would be happier if he attended to world wars, she to the home—that was, quite simply, the way it turned out, and both of them were happier for it. The notion that this made her a human wallflower confounded anyone who had the least acquaintance with her (e.g., this obituarist). In a casual encounter several years ago at Gettysburg College she spoke quite frankly about "Ike," whose memory she treated with affection, but also with detachment. "Very few people really knew him," she said, broadly implying that even she did not know him completely. She remarked the irksomeness of some of the details of post-presidential life without presidential resources. "But he got used to it. Good for him," she smiled quickly, then stopped, bowed her head

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—someone was saying grace. Her reflexes were instinctive, and decent, and endearing. Like Bess Truman, she was loyal, understood power, but didn't particularly seek it out. And, in retirement, she retired, but she brightened what company she held. —WFB

Al Capp, R I P

The scholars will trace neo-conservatism to *Commentary* and *The Public Interest*; we would trace it to *Li'l Abner*. Like most of the important truths, this might be impossible to document or demonstrate. But it was for the important truths that hyperbole was invented, and it was for the jovial assertion of these truths that Al Capp was born.

Among the marks of the gentleman, John Henry Newman (not without irony) numbered the tentative manner that disguises convictions as conclusions. Al Capp never pretended to be a gentleman. In an age of the tentative, he was positive. When decorum required understatement, he roared in Falstaffian exaggeration. His additions to the American imagination are legion: Abner, of course, and Daisy Mae, Sadie Hawkins, Fearless Fosdick, the Schmoo, Dogpatch, Lower Slobbovia, Mammy and Pappy Yokum. All are as wildly implausible as the creations of Dickens or Mark Twain: they defy literalism, like all real achievements of the imagination, and they must simply be taken on their own terms or not at all. To reject them is to deprive oneself. Capp dared you not to laugh with him, and few were so foolhardy.

In the Sixties, after decades of lampooning the right wing, Capp turned his humor on that holiest of American holies, youth. As others of his generation flattered student rebels, Capp roasted them—and became a favorite campus speaker. He was unrivaled at outraging young people who fancied themselves outrageous. Once, at North Carolina, a member of his student audience stood up after an hour of Capp invective and asked, "Mr. Capp, you detest us, so why are you speaking here?" "For three thousand bucks," said Capp, "and I wouldn't spend an hour with a bunch like you for a nickel less." They loved it: it would have been indecent, a groveling abdication of human spirit, at such a moment, to say anything nice. Likewise, when the film *Easy Rider* became a huge cult hit by celebrating two itinerant dope-pushers who are finally gunned down by rednecks, Capp praised it as the first movie in years with a happy ending.

The things Capp said would be said with more refinement and circumspection by others. But nobody said them better, because he spoke the truth with the special confidence of the comedian, who knows that the truth will be recognized even when it comes without formal credentials, and that a good joke will always triumph over a respectable thesis.

Quarterbacking for Carter

Forget New England; it's as lost
As roses in the permafrost.
Write off the West; they hate your hide
For water projects you denied.
Cook County takes its cue from Jane.
The Southwest's almost mad as Maine.
That leaves the South, which some say swears
You may be hopeless, but you're theirs.

W. H. von Dreele

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Please forgive me for bringing up this tiresome subject again, but it appears necessary. I raised the subject some time ago, and I thought your reply agreed with me—and Strunk.

I refer to Strunk's first rule: Form the possessive singular of nouns by adding 's.

Follow this rule whatever the final consonant. Thus write,

Charles's friend
Burns's poems
the witch's malice

Exceptions are the possessives of ancient proper names in -es and -is, the possessive Jesus', and such forms as for conscience' sake, for righteousness' sake. But such forms as Moses' laws, Isis' temple are commonly replaced by

the laws of Moses
the temple of Isis

I am somewhat surprised that Strunk did not go on and give the simplifying rule that pulls all under the same logical umbrella, rules as well as exceptions: *If your ear is any good, write it as you would say it.* (I suppose Strunk feared that the undergraduates, mostly freshmen, for whom he wrote his little book had not yet developed good ears for the sounds their prose would make.) In interpreting my amplification—really, simplification—of Strunk's rule, you have only to remember that 's = es *phonetically* after words ending in the *sounds* of -s, -ss, -z, -tz, -ch (chay or shay, but not kay), -sh, and possibly a few others I haven't thought of yet.

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Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

To look at it another way, to form the singular possessive of nouns *phonetically* you add the sound of -s if this is phonetically acceptable. To indicate the singular possessive, this sound is written 's. Tom's, John's, the desk's, the floor's. If the simple addition of the -s sound is not phonetically acceptable, try -es, the e for phonetic liaison. If this is phonetically acceptable, write it 's. If neither of these is phonetically acceptable, you have a true exception under Strunk's rule.

How simple all of this is if you only *listen*, think how you would *say* the form. What follows is phonetically rendered, as well as I can. Nobody with any ear would say in *Jesuses name. Isises temple.* But almost everybody with an ear for the sounds of English would say *Shawcrosses book. C. S. Lewises reputation. Woods wife* (of a fellow named Wood). *Woodses wife* (of a fellow named Woods).

Which brings me to my current complaint. A few issues ago, one of your staff or one of your stringers reviewed a book by a fellow named Shawcross. (Rather unfavorably.) At every opportunity he spelled the singular possessive of Shawcross's name Shawcross'. Now tell me, Mr. Buckley, would *you* ever speak, and speaking you are, of Shawcross book? Would the fellow who wrote the review have ever said Shawcross book? You know better! I cannot speak for the reviewer, but I think I can speak for your ear: YOU would have said SHAWCROSSES. Thus: Shawcross's.

What makes this exasperating to a conservative, your much more liberal counterpart, *Saturday Review*, reviewed the same book by Shawcross. (Quite favorably.) At every opportunity the singular possessive of that fellow's name was spelled correctly: SHAWCROSS'S. Don't you understand that a conseravtive has an obligation to be more nearly perfect than some nitwit liberal? If conservatives won't set an example—in everything—then who will?

We come now to an essay starting on page 1306 (*NR*, October 12, 1979) by Robert C. De Camara about the attempted denigration of the memory of C. S. Lewis by the critics of the *New York Times*. At every turn the singular possessive of C. S. Lewis's name is spelled Lewis'. I won't itemize the occurrences. *You* wouldn't *say* Lewis socks, Lewis shoes, Lewis philosophy. Neither would I. And I daresay, neither would De Camara. I think we would all *say* Lewises socks, Lewises shoes, Lewises philosophy.

THUS: Lewis's! ! ! ! !

To make matters worse, De Camara refers to a fellow named Samuel Hynes. He writes the singular possessive of *that* fellow's name correctly: Hynes's. He is not only mostly wrong in his writing of the singular possessive, he is inconsistent. This proves that he has not reduced the matter to principle. Every conservative should have reduced simple things like this to principle.

I suggest that you call for *NR*'s office style manual, see what it says on the subject of forming the singular possessive of nouns. If it is wrong, get it fixed up. If it is right—and in either case—call in those smart young women who read copy, who are supposed to catch mistakes, and lay it out to them as to how it must be. (If you can't fix up aberrations like this in your own office, how can you expect to have any success in fixing up the aberrations of Washington, of the *New York Times*, of the logic of Jacob Javitts [sic], etc., which you tackle rather consistently?)

Most cordially,
W. M. Woods
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Woods: Woods's Reproaches are entirely in order, and will replace effective immediately that portion of *NR*'s style book covering the subject which we adopted in 1955 from the *New York Times*'s (N.B.) model. Pre-Bernstein, we assume. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your eloquent and precise use of the English language makes reading your articles and columns both pleasurable and a learning experience. Your usual precision is marred, however, in your column "Ladies in the Foxholes?" which was reprinted in NATIONAL REVIEW. One of your sentences reads: "Oh, it had been coming at us, at exponential speed." Exponential is a type of change and cannot be used to modify speed. The phrase should read: ". . . at exponentially increasing speed."

Sincerely yours,
John Kratsios
Graduate College, Princeton University
Princeton, N.J.

Dear Mr. Kratsios: Like 32 feet per second squared? Advise. Cordially, —WFB

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Targets of Opportunity

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

A BRIEF STAY in Bogotá and Santiago prompts these reflections on the conflicts of Latin America and their strategic significance. I shall not confine myself entirely to Colombia and Chile, however.

It is a lamentable fact that the Soviet Union takes a global view of strategy and that the U.S. does not—or no longer does—and equally lamentable that the Soviets appraise their opportunities in Latin America as a whole while North Americans respond piecemeal, and rarely with regard to strategic imperatives. Thus President Carter will feel the need to make marginally minatory noises on discovering that there are Soviet combat troops in Cuba (before deciding that perhaps, after all, he does not actually need to do anything about them); while his Administration's response to Chilean events is viscerally left-wing and irrelevant to the real problems of the hemisphere.

Chile v. *Cuba*

Thus when the Chileans, acting within the sovereignty of their judicial system, decide that they are not prepared to extradite General Contreras, the former head of their secret security agency, to stand trial in the United States for alleged complicity in the bombing death of a Cuban agent named Orlando Letelier, who was once Allende's ambassador in Washington, the State Department and the Department of Justice buzz with threats about commercial reprisals. These naturally include sanctions against American businessmen sinful enough to take advantage of the excellent conditions for foreign investment in the booming free economy made possible by General Pinochet's victory over collectivism and revolutionary anarchy. The Soviets, meanwhile, are to get their grain, combat troops or no combat troops.

Stepping back a bit for a better view, it may be perceived that the Russians know very well what they want in Latin America and that if they are allowed to get it the security of the United States will be even more gravely undermined than it already is. I am no geographer, but the map shows me that there are only three channels of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans: the Panama Canal, the Magellan Strait between Argentina and the Falkland Islands, and the remoter Drake Passage, south of Cape Horn and the Falklands.

The Soviets fight World War III permanently and by whatever means are appropriate. The decade of subversion and terrorism through which the southern cone of South America has lived—surviving, but only just—would, if not thwarted by the military in Chile, Argentina, and Uruguay, have given the USSR control over two of those three channels.

Meanwhile, the third (or first, depending on where you start) is endangered by the weakness of United States policy as well as by the strength of the Soviet drive. Frustrated in the South, the Soviets have turned their main attention to the Caribbean, where the prizes exceed by far the Panama Canal alone. Nicaragua is in the bag; El Salvador also. Costa Rica and Guatemala are under threat, as is Jamaica.

Prime Targets

If the Cuban-Soviet drive continues unimpeded, yielding so many ideological and military bases for Soviet power, the Soviets will be well placed to threaten two of the world's major sources of energy—Mexico and Venezuela. Is this where the weakness of the White House is leading us?

Against this background, the conflicts in Latin America may seem, in total, greater than the sum of their individual parts. But it is important not to confuse the issues, and they are complicated enough. Chile, as it happens, has two regional conflicts going. The one with Argentina, over disputed land and water, very nearly came to war last year, until the Pope stepped in and brought the contenders to their senses. The one with Bolivia (backed by Peru) is a relic of the Pacific War, which the Chileans won. Bolivia, land-locked, affirms its "Mediterraneity"—that is, its right to its own access to the sea.

Important though these disputes are in a regional context, they distract attention from the main threat. Bogotá is as good a place as any to look at it, for the local crop of conflicts, taken as a whole, is identical in kind with the sort of challenge that brought down the long-lived dictatorship of Carlos Humberto Romero in El Salvador. President Romero's problem was that he was supposed to be the strongman of the oligarchy of twenty families that virtually owned his country, but at the early whiffs of gunpowder they left him alone to face the music. This is the kind of situation Cuban surrogates are adept at handling.

But back to Colombia. Apart from Vietnam, and admittedly at a lower level of intensity, Colombia probably has the longest record of political violence in recent history: a civil war in 1903, more violence in 1930, endemic violence throughout the past two decades.

And yet, Colombia is a pure, a real party democracy, with liberals and conservatives contesting for power in genuinely free elections and a press that is utterly free (and at the same time amazingly irresponsible). I know of no other country, incidentally, that has tried the Colombian experiment of 1958-1974, after the five-year dictatorship of Rojas Pinillo. For four periods of four years each, by pre-agreement, liberal and conservative presidents alternated in power, and all the jobs—both in central and in local government—were shared equally between the two main parties, in a successful effort to avoid a new civil war.

Today's violence is not a civil war but subversion in virulent forms. In the countryside the Soviet-controlled FARC (Armed Forces of the Colombia Revolution) are murderously active, right now. In the towns, half a dozen gangs compete in violence. The most active call themselves M-19 (Movement of April 19), a breakaway from the Communist FARC; and MRO (Workers' Self-Defense Movement), which appears to be funded from France and Sweden and enjoys the support of the Colombian Jesuits (such is the state of the Church in Latin America).

Conflicts galore; and in the end, one major beneficiary. □

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The Pope and Northern Ireland

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THE IRISH people gave John Paul II a marvelous reception, but how are the IRA and the Protestant diehards going to react? Will the Pope's passionate appeals for peace bring peace?

The Pope, I believe, made one error, a very common one, in his speech at Drogheda. Like many Irishmen, he seemed to believe that the conflict in the North is not of a religious character. I am frequently told that the civil war in the North is a purely "social" or "political" matter. I am highly suspicious. Excessive affirmation of certain beliefs usually expresses wishful thinking. Is it that the Irish don't want to be called backward? It is considered more civilized nowadays to fight over economic issues than religion.

One thing, of course, is undeniable: the IRA isn't fighting for papal infallibility, the Assumption of the Virgin, or acceptance of all the laws of the Church by Irish Protestants. But the IRA isn't fighting against social and economic discrimination against Catholics either. If all discriminatory measures were abolished, the IRA would fight on, because it will accept nothing less than reunion with the Republic.

Those in the North who oppose reunion use the democratic argument. Democracy, they say, is majority rule. As things now stand, Catholics form the largest religious body, but they are still a minority. However, their birthrate is high and they could one day become a majority. To prevent this, the Protestants encourage emigration by ill-treating them, and this ill-treatment provides the IRA with ammunition.

The unemployment rate is much higher among Catholics than among Protestants, who claim that the "Taigs" (Catholics) lie in bed all day, drink, and produce children. (True, but not surprising.) They live on the dole provided largely by "Prod" (Protestant) taxpayers. (Also true.) The Catholics say the Protestants are all traitors. (Which overstates the case, but has a great deal of truth in it.) The accusations as well as the excuses are all at least partly valid. Hence the impasse.

A convinced democrat could make a proposal which, though not a solution, might at least prove a palliative: on the basis of local plebiscites a new border could be drawn. Of the six counties of Ulster, all of Tyrone and Fermanagh, half of Armagh, one-third of Derry (including the city of Londonderry), and a tiny part of Down would thus join the Republic. This solution has many defects, one being that there are isolated Presbyterian or Church of Ireland villages in Fermanagh and Tyrone and some Catholic villages only a stone's throw from Belfast.

THE NORMAL and obvious solution would be to reunite Ireland on a federal basis with four diets, one for each of the ancient provinces—Ulster, Leinster, Munster, Connaught. But this plan would quickly be rejected by the Protestant majority in Ulster, not so much because of their loyalty to the Crown as because of their hatred of the Catholics.

To Protestants in the North, Catholics are "a lesser breed without the law," and one that is under the heel of popes, bishops, and priests. A few days ago, in a Shankill Road pub, I heard a man saying on the radio: "Catholic countries are so inferior to ours; they are poor and illiterate and have no freedom whatsoever." Personally, I would prefer to live in Paris, Munich, Lucerne, Venice, or Brussels rather than in Belfast (or Glasgow), terrorism or no terrorism.

There is also the strange fact that in the Republic the 4 per cent belonging to the Church of Ireland (with a sprinkling of Presbyterians and Methodists) own most of the land, control the industries, have the best newspapers, the best university, and occasionally one of them becomes President. People in the Republic aren't even very anti-British. During World War II there were more volunteers for the British army from the Republic than from Northern Ireland. And the flow of English immigrants to the Republic is increasing since they can easily transfer their money and are taxed less than back home. In no time at all they feel Irish—whatever their religion.

But if you try to impress these undeniable facts upon simple people in Northern Ireland (the upper classes are less fanatical), they will not accept them. "My dear sir," I once was told, "we're not that stupid. These Protestants down South are fooling themselves. Once Ireland is reunited under Dublin, the Pope will give the sign and then they will all be exterminated—as we will be in the North." Given this attitude, it's not surprising that the Orange fanatics attack, destroy, and defile Catholic churches—or that the Reverend Ian Paisley denounces the Pope as Antichrist. At its root the mutual enmity derives from the fact that Catholics regard Protestants as people who have diluted and liberalized the true faith. And to the Protestants, Catholics are pagans and should get out—if not peacefully, then by force. A Prod ditty sums up the feeling:

Since guns are made for shooting
And skulls are made to crack,
I've never seen a nicer Taig
Than with a bullet in his back.

The fiercest appeal of John Paul II was launched from Drogheda, where Cromwell massacred the entire population. It is Ireland's Auschwitz, and it recalls the terrible consequences of an evil policy: the colonization of the North by Scottish immigrants and the fatal partition of 1921. As eloquent as the Pope was, his words will not heal a centuries-old scar.

My hope is that the British, whom the artificial economic and political maintenance of Northern Ireland costs an enormous amount of money, will some day give up. This will create an even worse crisis at the moment, but might lead to a genuine solution. □

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A SURVEY

The Movement of Student Opinion

CHARLES R. KESLER

AMERICA'S CAMPUSES are calm. It has been a while since undergraduates wore fists on their shirts and tossed deans down the stairs. Today's undergraduates were only about ten years old in the bad old days of 1968-69, and they seem to care less about "movements" than their predecessors did. But calm can be deceptive. It does not necessarily mean that nothing is happening—only that whatever is happening is happening quietly, and must be looked for with care. Ten classes have graduated since the beginning of the decade, seven since Nixon's re-election, four since the end of the Vietnam War. What are today's undergraduates thinking? What spiritual and political opinions will they bring with them to the world outside the schools?

There is, always, good news and bad news; but now, for a change, the tidings are mostly good. Liberalism has peaked; its high-water mark is visible on every question on every campus. Only radicalism is ebbing faster, having declined 40% in eight years, to the point where on the average campus only one student in ten calls himself radical. Conservatism, by contrast, is everywhere recrudescent, its strength greater than at any time since the early 1960s. Three-fifths of today's undergraduates approve of right-to-work laws, and a majority opposes the socialization of basic industries. A resounding 63% think that affirmative action in the form of preferential college admissions for blacks is unfair. Four out of five believe in God (in some form), and three-quarters consider themselves members of an organized religion. Given the choice of war or surrender in a confrontation with the Soviet Union, 56% would have the United States fight.

These figures are gleaned from a poll sponsored by The Educational Reviewer and conducted by National Review, Inc., on 12 representative American campuses during the 1977-78 academic year. The poll is based on a questionnaire prepared in 1959 by the editors of the *Harvard Crimson* in consultation with sociologist David Riesman, which questionnaire, expanded and recast, served as the basis for similar *NR* polls conducted in 1961-63 and 1969-70.

(1) Rollcall

In the following report, we hark back to our earlier polls to trace changes in student attitudes and opinions over the intervening years. In this way it will quickly become clear that present-day undergraduates more nearly resemble their brethren of 1961 than those of 1969. The three surveys, be it noted, are not identical—there were no questions about drug use or the black-power movement in the earliest survey, and there is no question in the latest one about selling off the TVA to private industry. As Ronald Reagan learned in the 1976 Tennessee presidential primary, some questions are better left unasked, particularly when time has made their answers as familiar as the hills.

In selecting the dozen colleges at which our poll was to be taken, we have tried to mirror the diversity of American higher education. Private liberal-arts, public land-grant, and church-affiliated schools across the country have been included, representing a wide range of academic standards, and enrollments varying from several hundred to twenty thousand. Unlike our previous surveys, freshmen were included, and the responses from each school have been made uniform in terms of class year: on each campus the survey comprises 28% freshmen, 26% sophomores, 24% juniors, and 22% seniors.

The 12 schools polled were:

Sarah Lawrence College: a small (about five hundred students), private, nonsectarian college, formerly a women's school but now coeducational, with a reputation for high academic standards and self-assured progressivism, located in Bronxville, New York, an upper-class suburb of New York City.

Williams College: a small, private, nonsectarian liberal arts college, formerly a men's school but now co-ed, boasting high academic standards and a tradition of political liberalism, in Williamstown, Massachusetts.

Yale University: a medium-sized (about six thousand undergraduates), nonsectarian Ivy League school, formerly a men's school but now co-ed, renowned as a training-ground for the American Establishment, though lately fallen on financial hard times; located in gritty, industrial New Haven, Connecticut.

Mr. Kesler is a graduate student of political science at Harvard University.

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Marquette University: a large, big-city (Milwaukee), co-ed Catholic institution run by the Jesuits, with average academic standards.

Boston University: a large, private, nonsectarian school with average-to-good academic standards and a sizable commuter enrollment, located a few miles from Harvard across the Charles River.

Indiana University: a big Midwestern land-grant institution dominating the small city of Bloomington; co-educational, with fair-to-excellent standards.

University of South Carolina: a large, co-ed, state-supported school with average academic standards and a genteel atmosphere not found in many state universities outside the Deep South; the last of the institutions in our survey to be racially integrated (desegregation came 15 or so years ago), located in Columbia.

Howard University: a private, co-ed, predominantly black university with good academic standards; located in Washington, D.C., whence come heavy federal subventions.

Reed College: a small, private, nonsectarian school noted for political liberalism and educational progressivism, in liberal, progressive Portland, Oregon; high academic standards.

Davidson College: a small, private, Presbyterian men's college in rural North Carolina; an elite institution with high standards.

Brandeis University: a smallish, nonsectarian, co-ed school founded in 1948 under Jewish auspices and with a predominantly Jewish student body; noted for high academic standards and educational progressivism; located in Waltham, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston.

Stanford University: a middle-sized, private, nonsectarian institution, traditionally catering to the upper and upper-middle classes, with high standards and a pleasant location in Palo Alto, California.

In this commentary, percentages are rounded off—fractions of 55/100ths or greater are rounded up, fractions below that are rounded down. For example, 42.56% becomes 43%. Frequently we cite overall percentages—say, the 56% who prefer war over surrender to the Soviet Union. These overall figures represent averages of the responses at the 12 schools, regardless of size, *not* averages of all the students responding. This means, in effect, that overall percentages come from an imaginary "average" school constructed from the characteristics of the 12 colleges surveyed; the students are never treated as individual nuclei independent of their schools.

(2) Past and Future

At all the schools except Marquette, a majority of students prepared at public schools; and since 1969-70, the percentage of public-schoolers has held steady or increased on all campuses except Davidson, Brandeis, Boston University, and South Carolina. Marquette itself has jumped from 27% to 49% public-schooled, while its parochial-school enrollment has plunged from 57% to 29%. The parochial-school closings that have swept the nation in the past decade are taking their toll: while 10% (overall) of the students in 1969 had attended parochial schools, the figure now is 6%. The decline of the traditional private boarding school, noted in our previous survey, continues —7% now come from prep schools, down from 8% in 1969—but private schools as a whole, counting day schools, are making a comeback, accounting for 19% of students today as compared to 16% then.

A significant shift in the financial background of students has occurred since 1969, when almost 40% came from families with annual incomes of between $4,000 and $15,000, and only 22% had parents who earned more than $30,000. Among those who responded to our latest poll, only 18% come from families that earn between $4,000 and $15,000 annually, while 42% have parents who earn over $30,000. The distribution of income between these two extremes has nearly reversed, though the families in the middle, earning between $15,000 and $30,000, remains at 35%. Howard is the only school to have a significant fraction of its enrollment drawn from families making less than $8,000 a year —19%; but that is down from 37% in 1969. Barely 5% of Williams' students have families with incomes below $15,000; at Stanford the comparable figure is 3%; at Yale, 11%. Stanford boasts a student body 71% of whom come from families with incomes greater than $30,000; Sarah Lawrence, 56%; Williams, 50%; and Brandeis, 47%.

Humanities has been the big loser as an undergraduate concentration over the past few years. Since 1969 it has lost over a quarter of its popularity, dropping from 22% to 16%. There is no longer a single school in the survey with a majority, or even a plurality, concentrating in the Humanities. Social science (including history, as well as politics, economics, etc.) remains the choice of the largest group of students, though it too has dropped, slightly, from 41% to 39%. At Williams, 75% of the students are majoring in some social-science discipline; but at Yale the figure has fallen from 60% in 1969 to 39% today. Where social science does not attract a plurality, it is owing to the marketable allure of professional train-

Q.3 *What is your field of concentration or intended field of concentration?*

Physical sciences? Social sciences?
Humanities? Mathematics?
Professional training? Other?

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ing in business, education, journalism, nursing, and the like. The professions score high at South Carolina (65%), Howard (45%), Indiana (38%), Boston (34%), and Marquette (31%). Renewed interest in the study of physical science—the thorny path leading to medical school—is evident at Sarah Lawrence, where it is the choice of 27%, up from 4% in 1969; Yale, up from 11% to 23%; and Stanford, up from 20% to 34% [*Question No. 3*].

The surprising fact about the students' post-college plans [*Question No. 9*] is that the largest group—larger even than those who "don't know" and those who want to "just feel my way around for a while" combined—wishes to go into business. At Stanford, 36% are looking to business, triple the number of ten years ago; at Howard, 42%, up from 21%; and overall, 21%, as compared to 13% in 1969. On seven of the 12 campuses interest in a business career exceeds the levels of our 1961-63 poll—e.g., South Carolina (up from 28% to 42%), Marquette (27% to 30%), and Howard (12% to 42%). Law, the choice of 20% overall, is the next most popular career. Interest in it has risen at nine of the 12 schools, excepting only Yale, Howard, and Davidson. At traditionally artsy Sarah Lawrence, creative self-expression has been eclipsed by the rigors of law school, the popularity of which has soared from 7% in 1969 to 33% today, while "express myself creatively" has nosedived from 38% to 7%. In our 1969-70 survey we found a wide-ranging trend away from early career-planning and a pointed disdain for the business world. Neither of these attitudes has survived the intervening years.

(3) Left and Right

Conservatism is on the rise at 11 out of 12 campuses, Howard being the sole exception [*Question No. 10—see cover*]. At Davidson it has climbed from 22% in 1969 to 52% today; at South Carolina, 34% to 45%; at Yale, 13% to 32%. In overall terms, conservatism has the support of 28% of present-day undergraduates, compared to a dismal 15% in our 1969-70 poll and 27% in 1961-63. If one compared a list of the most conservative schools in our present poll with a similar list from the 1961-63 poll, the only significant difference would be that Sarah Lawrence is now on the list and Williams off it. Sixteen or so years ago, 36% of Williams students were conservative, and at Sarah Lawrence only half that. In 1977-78, 49% of Sarah Lawrence students are calling themselves conservative, compared to a meager 14% at Williams.

However, conservatism has gained a tremendous amount of ground since 1969, when, far from threatening the heights, it seemed in danger of being swept from the valleys. At that time conservatism could not muster a majority, or even a near-majority, on a single campus. Its stronghold was South Carolina, the only institution where so much as a third of the students were willing to call themselves conservative. Our latest survey reveals a startling reversal: a conservative majority at Davidson (52%), and powerful minorities at Sarah Lawrence (49%), South Carolina (45%), Stanford (35%), Yale (32%), Marquette (31%), and Indiana (30%).

To be sure, liberalism remains the choice of a majority—though, at 52%, the choice of a bare majority, down from the overall figure of 59% in 1969, and about the same as 1961-63's average of 51%. Since its heyday in 1969-70, liberalism has declined at every college save Reed (53%), Williams (73%), Howard (63%), and Brandeis (77%). The decline is especially marked at Sarah Lawrence, from 58% to 20%; South Carolina, 58% to 32%; Davidson, 64% to 44%; and Marquette, 61% to 45%.

Radicalism's decline can only be described as a plummet. It has dropped with a swoosh from 17% in 1969 to 10% today; dropped at every school except (of all places) Indiana, where, as if by some statistical tic, it has jerked from 9% to 10%; and dropped significantly at Brandeis (from 25% to 2%), Reed (35% to 19%), Boston (18% to 7%), and Sarah Lawrence (24% to 19%). The only remaining radical community of any size is at Howard, but even its 25% represents a drop from 29% in 1969-70.

If you are wondering why among all these radicals, liberals, and conservatives there breathes nary a moderate—and you *should* be wondering why—the explanation is simple. The question does not allow for moderates. It divides the political world into parties of the Left, Far Left, Right, and indifferent muddle; but no middle, much less a party of the middle. This is defensible if knowing the strength of Left and Right is the most important thing—if Left and Right are the fundamental political facts. But if moderation is an important political virtue, an end that

Q. 9 What do you plan to do after graduation and/or military duty?

Prepare to teach liberal arts in a university? Prepare to teach scientific subjects or do scientific research in a university? Teach or prepare to teach in a secondary school? Enter business or prepare for a business career? Study law? Study medicine? Enter a seminary? Express myself creatively? Do political or social work? Just feel my way around for a while? Other? Don't know?

→

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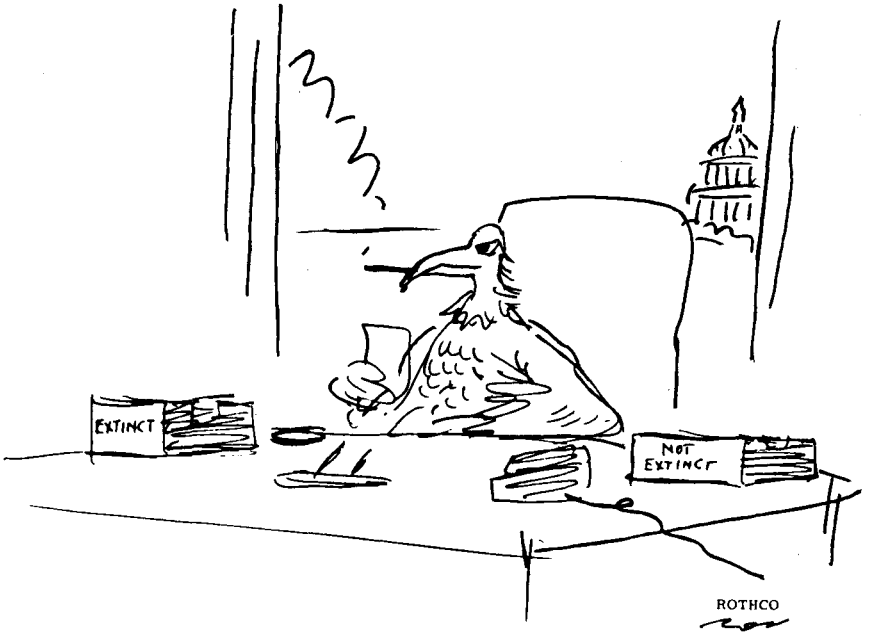
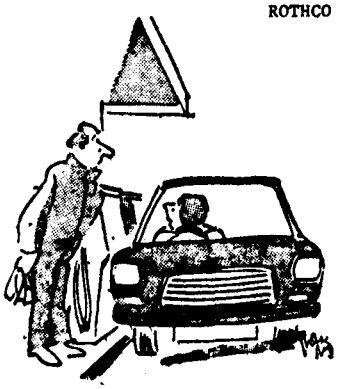
help !!!!

Questionnaire for Today

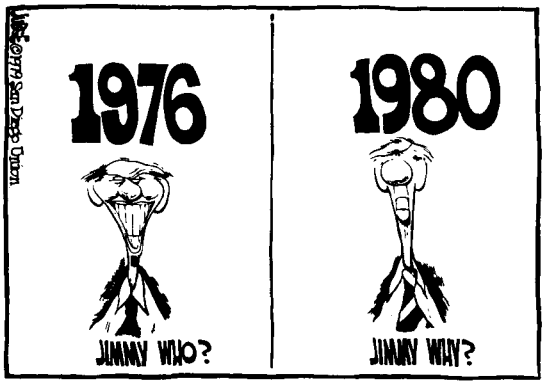
Is your sympathy with Andy
Vis-à-vis the PLO?
Do you think it's fine and dandy
That Ham Jordan runs the show?
Do you like brash Teddy's wooing
Of the voters who forget?
How about what those are doing
Who have not announced as yet?
Are Vance and Strauss succeeding
In achieving, or at least
In any fashion speeding,
What's called peace in Middle East?
Or is good old Jimmy Carter
The one you really love,
Be he simpleton or martyr?
Or none of the above?

—Corinna Marsh





"Is it safe to mix litres with gallons?"



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Q. 11 *Since you entered college, in which of the following ways have your political views changed?*

From conservative to more conservative? From conservative to less conservative or liberal? From conservative to radical? From liberal to less liberal or conservative? From liberal to more liberal or radical? From radical to conservative? From radical to less radical or liberal? From radical to more radical? From politically indifferent to conservative? From politically indifferent to liberal? From politically indifferent to radical? Political views haven't changed?

the best legislators seek to obtain, then the question as worded is deficient, and its conclusions untrustworthy as a guide to the polity's health.

Attending college still makes it more likely that a student's thinking will be deflected leftward. However, there is not a Pavlovian response, as many conservatives seem to fear, and in fact the chances of veering leftward are smaller than they were ten years ago. At least, a net movement of opinion to the Left is reported in our survey by only 41% of the students overall, compared to an overwhelming 77% in 1969-70, and almost 50% in 1961-63. (We compute the net leftward movement by summing choices 2, 3, 5, 8, 10, and 11 in *Question No. 11*.) One out of five students says that his political opinions have shifted to the Right since he entered college, up from 9% who reported rightward movement in 1969-70; in our first survey 23% said they had gone Right. (We compute net rightward movement by summing choices 1, 4, 6, 7, and 9 in *Question No. 11*.)

A surprising 37% say their opinions had not changed at all during college, up from a minuscule 12% in 1969-70 and a more noticeable 30% in 1961-63. Of the students in the current survey whose views have changed, 42% attribute the change to either "lectures or course reading" or "personal contact with faculty"—about the same percentage as in our previous polls. Almost a third blame their friends, 23% say "increased independent reading" led them to change their minds, and a whopping 66% claim that "increased thinking about political questions" accounts for it—which is possibly to confuse cause and effect, but a majority has insisted on it in each of our surveys [*Question No. 12*].

Fewer students, by the way, say they rely on print media as their principal source of news—three-fifths today as compared to three-fourths in 1969-70. Six per cent admit to reading NATIONAL REVIEW, double the previous figure, while readership of the radical *Ramparts* declined from 7% to 2%. [*Ramparts* folded in 1975. —ED.] On most campuses the local newspaper is the principal source of printed news, except at those Eastern schools where the *New York Times* is readily available.

The return to conservatism on campus is paralleled by a return to support for the traditional two-party system. Half of the students in our poll profess to be satisfied with that system, up from a third in 1969-70. Only 6% want to found a conservative third party, while triple that number think a third party on the Left is a good idea. A steady 20% across the board support sharper party differentiation between Democrats and Republicans. Overall party identification is as follows: 47% Democratic, 22% Republican, and 22% unaffiliated, which represents a renewal of the traditional parties at the expense of the swollen number of independents—in 1969-70, 48% of the students called themselves independents, 33% Democrats, and an exiguous 14% Republicans. The GOP's jump in support was proportionately greater than the Democrats', but the average identification figures still show the Republicans to be at a disadvantage compared to 1961-63, when they received support from 28%, the Democrats got only 39%, and 27% were calling themselves unaffiliated. At present Davidson (43%), South Carolina

Q.12 *If your political views have changed, which of the following factors have significantly influenced you?*

Lectures or course reading? Personal contact with faculty? Increased independent reading? Independence from parents? Increased thinking about political questions? Influence of friends?

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(38%), and Stanford (30%) are the most Republican schools; Brandeis (75%), Howard (67%), Yale and Boston (54%), and Reed (51%) the most Democratic. GOP Chairman Brock's efforts notwithstanding, the party has a long way to go to win black support. At Howard the percentage of Republicans is vanishingly small (3%) [*Question No. 14*].

In the present poll, 25 specific political proposals were listed, and respondents asked to declare themselves as "definitely in favor," "somewhat in favor," "indifferent," "somewhat opposed," or "definitely opposed." Among the proposals were:

"Full socialization of all industries": 19% in favor, 69% opposed. (In the 1969-70 poll, the figures were 25% and 62%.)

"Socialization of basic industries": 33% in favor, 54% opposed. (Earlier, 48% and 41%.)

"National health insurance": 66% in favor, 23% opposed. In our previous poll, 74% were in favor and 10%—yes, 10%—opposed. In 1961-63, the results were 54% to 30%.

"Right-to-work laws": 60% in favor, 12% opposed, 22% indifferent. At heavily Democratic Howard, 92% support right-to-work laws, suggesting either that a lot of people have seen the light, or that there is confusion over the meaning of right-to-work as between laws a) that provide freedom from coerced union membership and laws b) that require government to guarantee jobs or the right to a job.

"Government wage and price controls to check inflation": 50% in favor, 29% opposed.

(4) Of Thee I Sing

Politics, in large part, is the art of learning to be thankful for small favors. So we should be thankful that only 20% of the students in our poll believe that American society is "sick." In 1969-70, 40% called America "sick." About the same number (22%) think that it is "too repressive," while 26% pronounce it "racist." Ten years ago the figures were 41% and 46%. Only 18% find America "too permissive," but 57% agree that it is "too complacent"—whatever that means. In 1969-70 13% called American society "too permissive," and 60% "too complacent." Let us call this a lousy question [*No. 53*] and be done with it.

More students now believe that racial integration is possible in the U.S. than did so in 1969-70, but fewer think it is desirable. A decisive 72%, up from 63%, now regard it as possible, while the number believing it desirable has declined from 78% to a still impressive 71%. Integration is thought least desirable at Marquette (44%), followed, interestingly enough, by South Carolina (49%) and Howard (53%). Apparently many blacks are as skeptical of the good of integration as white Southerners are supposed to be [*Question No. 62*]. Affirmative action in the form of preferential college admissions for blacks is regarded as unfair by 63% overall, up from 47% in 1969-70. An even greater majority (69%) says that "more lenient admissions standards for blacks" should not be adopted—though the utility of this question [*No. 60*] is diminished by its ambiguity: it is unclear whether "more lenient admissions standards for blacks" means already existing affirmative action programs or even more lenient ones than now exist. In any case, only at Howard is there a majority that believes in the fairness of preferential college admissions—a curve-busting 70%. Overall, 40% think affirmative action destroys academic excellence, 39% disagree, and 18% are unsure [*Question No. 58*]. One in three is persuaded that lower admissions standards for blacks are "of long-term benefit to American race relations," 39% are *not* persuaded, and a suspiciously high 25% are unsure.

When it comes to civic virtue, today's students are tolerant to a fault. Two-thirds believe that Marxists should be allowed to teach citizenship courses in public high schools; a mere 20% think that members of the Communist Party should be banned from college teaching. Nearly half, in contrast, would like to see fascists banned from teaching citizenship courses in public schools. In our 1961-63 poll, 45% were in favor of banning Marxist teachers from high schools and Communist teachers from colleges.

Q.14 *With which political party are you affiliated, either in spirit or actual membership?*

Democratic? Republican? Other? None?

(5) Home of the Brave

Certainly it is a relief to know that 56% of the students in our poll would rather see the U.S. go down fighting than just go down, particularly since 54% in 1969-70 preferred it the other way round—better Red than dead, as the familiar disjunction goes. There are lingering majorities for surrender (in a confrontation with the Soviet Union) at Reed (57%), Williams (53%), and Brandeis (52%), but in 1969-70 there were such majorities at eight out of the 12 schools. The schools most willing to fight are Sarah Lawrence and South Carolina (75%), Marquette (69%), Indiana (68%), Davidson and Howard (63%), and Yale (58%); surrender is most attractive at Reed, Williams, Brandeis, Boston (45%), and Stanford (44%). In the 1961-63 survey, 67%, overall, preferred war, 25% surrender.

Six out of ten students rank "coexistence" as the first goal of American foreign policy, about the same number as in our 1969-70 poll—hardly surprising in the age of detente. Only 13% think America should unilaterally disarm, down significantly from the 22%

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Q.53 *In your opinion, which of the following terms accurately describe American society?*

Too repressive? Too permissive?
Too complacent? Racist? Sick?

in 1969-70. An old-fashioned 10% like the idea of "containment"; and only a handful (7%) accept the idea of "a rollback of Communist power." All in all, the students in our poll could use a little dose of *Realpolitik*. A majority approve a unilateral American suspension of atomic weapons development—fans of Paul Warnke, one supposes—and almost as many disapprove the funding of "weapons research, development, and production necessary to maintain [recover?] strategic nuclear superiority over China and the Soviet Union." The figures in 1969-70 were 69% and 69%, so at least things are improving. Not quite half feel that the influence of the "military-industrial complex" on U.S. foreign policy is "too great," 32% think it "great, but not unreasonably so," and 5% think it "not very great" [*Question No. 68*].

Politics should stay clear of athletics, the students agree, rejecting by 64% the exclusion of South Africa—and by 84% the exclusion of the Soviet Union—from international athletic competition. In our previous poll, the vote on banning South Africa was evenly split (44% to 44%), and an enormous 93% were against banning the USSR. Howard is the only school this time to muster a majority in favor of the ban on South Africa, not too surprisingly.

(6) Humor on Campus

A lot of the steam has gone out of the student power movement, and what is left is a more or less unsexy, unideological concern with the running of the university as it most directly affects student life. Thus, majorities want "final decision-making power" only in the adoption of dress regulations and dormitory visiting hours; they desire a vote along with faculty and administration in the disciplining of students and setting of ROTC and recruiting policies; and they are satisfied merely to advise on grading, curriculum, tuition and fees, and faculty hiring and firing. A plurality (42%) want to advise the university on the investment of its endowment, 24% desire a vote along with the faculty and administration, and 27% want no voice at all. A surprising result, considering all the agitation over investments in South Africa.

ROTC is no longer the campus bogey it once was. In 1969-70, 46% approved of ROTC on a voluntary basis without academic credit, 33% wanted it with academic credit, and 18% sought its abolition. Today the abolitionists are only half as strong, and a majority (55%) supports ROTC *with* academic credit, 31% approving it without credit. Traditional supporters of ROTC are more convinced than ever—South Carolina, up from 67% in favor of ROTC with credit in 1969, to 79% today; Howard, from 71% to 77%; Marquette, 47% to 78%; Davidson, 47% to 59%. Meanwhile, abolitionists at liberal Reed, a hotbed of opposition to ROTC in the Sixties, have declined from 44% to 19%.

Confidence in the intellectual integrity of black studies programs has declined somewhat since our last survey. The 49% who regard black studies programs as "academically legitimate" represent a drop of 9% from the 1969-70 level; 23% think they are not legitimate, and (again) a suspiciously large 25% are unsure or have no opinion. Yale's confidence has dropped from 62% to 49%, and Williams' from 64% to 44%, but Stanford's has risen from 60% to 73%. Brandeis and Howard have also shown gains in confidence, but all other institutions, having either lived with the results of such programs or heard about poor results on other campuses, exhibit growing doubts about their academic legitimacy [*Question No. 55*]. Although half of the students overall think black studies programs benefit black students, 17% disagree, and a whopping 34% either are unsure or have no opinion [*Question No. 56*].

(7) In God We Trust

Despite constant preaching about the secularization of America and the obsolescence of faith, the data from our poll suggest a society deeply rooted in religion and increasingly given to religious thinking. Only 7% of those polled say they were not raised in some religious tradition. A quarter say their religious tradition had a "very marked" influence on their upbringing, 38% say it had a "moderate" influence, 18% a "slight" influence, and a paltry 2% claim it had "none at all." Having entered college, a quarter say they are now in "substantial agreement" with their religious tradition, 56% say they partially agree with it, and 16% that they wholly reject it. In our 1969-70 survey, only 13% were in substantial agreement, 61% in partial agreement—and a brazen 24% totally rejected their religious tradition. A quarter of the students profess not to be affiliated with any organized religion, down from a third in our previous poll. This represents a return to 1961-63 levels, when, as today, a quarter of those polled were nonaffiliated. Today the nonaffiliated are in the majority only at free-thinking Reed (a singular 75%); they find the least support at Davidson (8%), Brandeis (9%), South Carolina (11%), and Marquette (12%).

Six out of ten students say there was a period in their lives when they reacted partially or wholly against their religious tradition, but for over half this period came during secondary school, not college, and for 27% it came before secondary school. For only 13% did it occur during college

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(compared to 27% in our previous poll), so the opinion that college is a primrose path to irreligion cannot be sustained. Of those who experienced such a reaction, 63% (up from 53% in 1969-70) say that subsequently they had a "resurgence of religious faith and interest."

Belief in God is wider and deeper among today's students than among those of ten years ago. A quarter of them endorse the orthodox Christian teaching that God is omniscient, omnipotent, three-personed, and cognizant of particulars, compared to 17% in 1969-70. An additional 7% agree with the orthodox teaching minus trinitarianism, compared to 3% previously. About a fifth believe in a God "about whom nothing definite can be affirmed . . . a mighty 'spiritual presence,'" down from 25% in 1969-70. And 11% see Him as "a vast, impersonal principle of order," down from 18% in our last poll. The agnostic position is taken by 14%, compared to 18% before, and 5% reject all belief in God, down from 7% in our 1969-70 survey.

Almost half (45%) believe that Christ is divine, the Word made flesh, while 30% think Him "a very great prophet or teacher." In 1969-70 the figures were 25% and 50%. Of those who call themselves Christians, 45% believe in the "idea of God becoming flesh," 27% believe in the literal truth of the Apostles' Creed—and 37% accept the literal truth of the Gospel account of the Resurrection. In our 1969-70 survey, 38% gave credence to the "idea of God becoming flesh," 20% to the literal truth of the Creed, and 28% to the truth of the Resurrection. Of those who call themselves Jews, a third say they profess Judaism as a *religion* (up from 24% in 1969-70); 36% say they are Jews by virtue of "certain cultural features common to Jewish tradition"; and another 31% say they are Jews by virtue of a tendency "to identify or associate with Jewish people more than Gentiles."

A cynic might point out that religion, for these students, does not seem to rule out very much. At only five schools do more than half the believers in God disapprove of *anything* because of their religious beliefs. What they do disapprove of seems, well, rather uninspired: extramarital fooling-around and homosexuality, for the most part. But ten years ago only two schools disapproved of anything for religious reasons. Polls cannot tell us whether these signs of religious reawakening in the land will bear spiritual fruit—polls tend to lag behind events, and are inherently incapable of answering the deliberative question, What should be done? But they can remind us to think about what should be done to nurture the spirit that—who knows?—one day may finally carry us beyond love in the ruins. □

Black Studies and Standards

Q. 55

In your opinion, are the separate and autonomous black studies programs now being established at some colleges and universities academically legitimate?

Q. 56

Do you think these programs benefit black students?

Q. 58

Do you think that preferential standards for blacks destroy academic excellence?

Q. 60

Do you think more lenient college admissions standards for black applicants should be adopted?

Q. 62

Do you believe that integration in the United States is desirable?

Q. 68 *Which of the following best describes your estimate of the power of the 'military-industrial complex' over American foreign policy?*

Too great? Great, but not unreasonably so? Not very great? No opinion?

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NATO'S BASIC DEFICIENCY

SALT and European Security

S. T. COHEN

LAST NOVEMBER, U.S. Senator Henry Jackson, a leading critic of the SALT negotiations, addressed a meeting of the North Atlantic Assembly in Lisbon. The senator warned the assembled legislators—members of the NATO nations' parliaments—that "The SALT II treaty as it is developing profoundly and adversely affects European security."

His particular worries centered on the Soviets' development of new theater nuclear weapons, the Backfire bomber, and the SS-20 missile, and the curtailment of NATO's acquisition of such weapons, specifically a long-range cruise missile. "The Backfire and the SS-20, taken together with other developments in the tactical area," Jackson said, "have given the Soviets the capacity to engage NATO's tactical nuclear forces, possibly in a first, disarming strike. Far from ameliorating this situation, SALT II is likely to make matters worse both by permitting the Soviets to deploy the SS-20 and the Backfire in virtually unlimited numbers and, perhaps most importantly, by restricting severely the deployment of NATO ground- and sea-launched cruise missiles."

Unless one does not regard the expansion and modernization of Soviet theater nuclear weapons as an increasing threat to NATO, it is difficult to dismiss Senator Jackson's concern. It also is difficult not to worry that NATO will be shackled in any efforts it might make to develop new theater weapons to counter this increasing threat. However, to place so much of the responsibility for problems with NATO security at the doorstep of SALT may not be focusing realistically on the problem, for *precisely* one of the reasons Jackson gave—namely, the possibility of a first, disarming strike by the Soviets.

By allowing the Soviets to expand the magnitude of their nuclear threat to NATO, SALT II certainly is doing Europe no favor. On the other hand, it is hardly necessary for the Soviets to rely on systems based on their own territory, such as Backfire and the SS-20, to accomplish this nuclear emasculation of NATO's defenses.

For many years the Soviets have had shorter-range nuclear delivery systems —missiles and fighter-bombers—deployed in Eastern Europe which could just as readily accomplish this objective. The Soviets have been adding more and more of these weapons, while continually modernizing them to increase their capabilities. While this expansion has been noted by NATO, it is curious that the greater stress has been placed on the longer-range Russian-based systems. Why?

A War NATO Will Lose

To answer this question is to expose NATO's most fundamental military deficiency and its almost total inability thus far to deal with it realistically. NATO's basic problem is not the threat of nuclear bombardment from the USSR. Rather it is, and always has been, the threat of invasion and occupation by the Red Army. This was the case in 1949 when NATO was formed, at which time the presence of massive Russian ground forces in Eastern Europe posed an immediate threat to the West. It is still the case today, when the Warsaw Pact's ground forces are considerably stronger than NATO's, and, most critically, they train and exercise on the basis of a doctrine which holds nuclear weapons to be "the decisive means of armed combat."

Although NATO long has been urged, primarily by the United States, to build up its conventional forces to the point where it could defeat a large-scale Soviet/Pact conventional attack, NATO has refused. Yet, NATO has never been urged by the U.S., nor has it ever urged itself, to develop the capability of defeating a large-scale attack involving nuclear weapons used in accordance with Soviet doctrine. This is a war that could happen, and yet NATO refuses to develop, structure, posture, and train its forces to fight it. As a result, it is a war that NATO will lose very quickly if it ever takes place.

How likely is it that an attack on NATO will be nuclear—beginning with the "first, disarming strike" which concerns Senator Jackson? If one examines Soviet doctrine, it would appear to be very likely, for Russian strategists place great stress on nuclear surprise and preemption. Last year, U.S. Defense Secretary Harold Brown took note of this doctrine and stated: "The largest part of the theater nuclear capability is concentrated against Western Europe. This concentration, and the emphasis in Soviet military doctrine on nuclear preemption, mean that we must plan for the possibility that the Warsaw Pact rather than NATO would be the first to use nuclear weapons. Such a use might occur at the outset of a conflict. . . ."

Brown put his finger on the problem in saying "we must plan" against this threat. Indeed we must, for it is a problem which can no longer be swept under the carpet—if for no other reason than that the Red Army, having greatly expanded its tactical nuclear capabilities and having made clear its doctrine for war with NATO, has made the problem too large and too ominous to be ignored.

To plan for this contingency, NATO would have to do far more than secure long-range cruise missiles to hit the USSR. Even were they deployed in large numbers within the next several years, their actual use against targets in the USSR would not significantly help to prevent the ground conquest of Europe. Nor, for that matter, would the full release of U.S. strategic weapons against Russia have any serious impact on the outcome of the ground war. This is another war, a strategic nuclear war, which has no military bearing on preventing the rapid advance of Pact armed forces into Europe following a first nuclear strike. This other war is

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also one which, in all probability, will not take place.

Explaining, in 1963, the reasons behind France's decision to develop her own independent nuclear capabilities, Charles de Gaulle observed: "Owing to the fact that the Russians also now have the wherewithal to destroy the world and particularly the new continent, it is now quite natural that America is seeing its own survival as the principal objective in a possible conflict and is not considering the time, degree, terms and conditions of its nuclear intervention for the defense of other regions, particularly in Europe, except in relation to this natural and primary necessity."

Since, at the time of de Gaulle's remarks, the U.S. was trying to force a conventional defense solution for NATO and was vehemently opposed to the French nuclear decision, it could hardly afford to agree with de Gaulle's thesis However, as the U.S. entered negotiations on the SALT treaty and started finding it necessary to defend the SALT objectives, it began to agree.

In 1969, when SALT was getting under way, U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers made it clear that fulfilling strategic nuclear guarantees to our allies would be an act of insanity. "Sane national leaders do not initiate strategic nuclear war and thus commit their people to national suicide," said Rogers. In 1976, Henry Kissinger implied that a U.S.-USSR strategic nuclear exchange "could lead to the destruction of all civilized life as we know it." And last December, in defending the United States' actions in SALT and upholding the responsive sufficiency of U.S. strategic weapon capabilities, President Carter made mention only of a Soviet attack on the United States, not on its NATO allies. For Europe to go on expecting the U.S. to sanction nuclear attacks against the USSR in response to Soviet aggression against NATO transcends the bounds of credulity by light years—as Henry Kissinger, among others, has sternly warned.

SALT II may indeed work against European security interests; and in this vein it can be argued that the United States is a partner in this enterprise. However, for Europeans to single this out when contemplating their declining security is a departure from both objectivity and the real world. Ever since SALT began, by so determinedly refusing to even consider, let alone accept, the nuclear realities of the defense of NATO, Western Europe has in effect worked the hardest to degrade its own security.

Whether or not Europe will remove its blindfold and take a long, serious look at the nuclear situation cannot be answered at present. However, what must be answered by Western Europeans is how much longer they can go on deluding themselves that the United States will be a partner in demise if Europe is attacked.

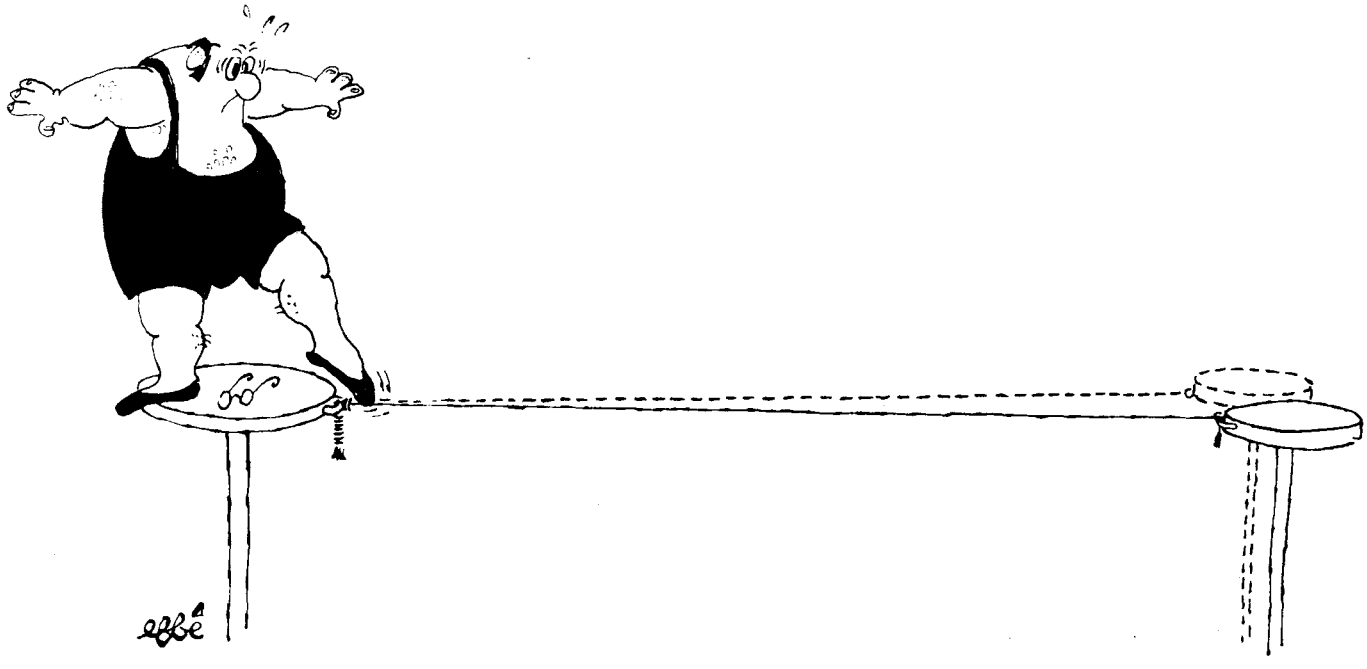
Conceivably—and Senator Jackson's speech seems to offer hope in this direction—were Europeans to remove their blindfolds and explore nuclear ways and means to defend themselves directly against attack by the Pact armies, they might find the U.S. willing to cooperate and even help substantially. They might also find that there *are* ways and means to do this which are effective militarily, credible politically, and far more economical than NATO's present defensive posture.

The Place for Charity

However, to go on demanding the impossible and, in addition, find fault with the U.S. over SALT rather than examine and remedy its own faults—this seems neither rightminded or fairminded. What the U.S. is doing in SALT primarily has to do with the United States' perceptions of its own security; it has little to do *realistically* with Europe's security.

The U.S. may well be hurting its own security interests in a very major way in SALT II, and many Americans, such as Senator Jackson, are deeply concerned over this possibility. Many Europeans are also deeply concerned about America's so harming itself, and certainly such care and affection has to be appreciated by Americans. But, as the saying goes: "Charity begins at home"; and Europe should begin to look with a steadier gaze on how it is harming itself and look more toward saving itself.

The forthcoming NATO meetings in December could be crucial. □



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TINDERBOX

The Sandinista revolution in Nicaragua mirrored the Castro revolution in Cuba in all major respects but one: there was no immediate massacre of the vanquished —for tactical reasons

The New Boys in the Bunker

ROBERT S. STROTHER

THE MARXIST revolutionaries now occupying the bunker of ousted President Anastasio Somoza in Nicaragua are not given to mirth; but when they pause in their authoritarian work they must, like Stalin looking up from a satisfactory death list, allow themselves a faint sardonic smile.

As guerrillas flying a bogus banner of human rights, they succeeded, with the support of one of the world's most impressive dictators, in bringing an elected government friendly to the United States crashing down in a storm of fire and a torrent of blood. Better yet, some of their prospective future targets had eagerly helped them win. All very amusing indeed, from the viewpoint of the victors.

Some of the leaders of this socialist revolution had feared that non-Communist countries might recognize and oppose a replay of the well-thumbed script used by Fidel Castro to conquer Cuba almost 21 years ago; but their fears proved groundless, and the plan is running like clockwork. The Free World is rushing to supply money for reconstruction and for new weapons, along with diplomatic recognition and an honored place in that great forum for peace and justice, the United Nations. All in all, a positive riot of laughs for Moscow.

Far from objecting, most Western nations were sympathetic to the Sandinista Front of National Liberation (FSLN)—especially the government and press of the United States. Although the Carter Administration deplored the appalling toll of death, injury, property damage, and financial ruin caused by the fighting, it cooperated with the FSLN by cutting off aid to the defenders early in the fighting and by ignoring the flow of weapons via Panama for the attackers. That massive airlift, organized by Panamanian dictator Omar Torrijos, delivered tons of arms, ammunition, and troop replacements to the Sandinista at their staging points within Costa Rica. (Two months after the guerrilla victory, the Sandinista were still occupying Costa Rican territory between their base in the town of Liberia and the Nicaraguan border, and their good friend, President Rodrigo Carazo Odio of Costa Rica, was nervously insisting that they really should leave.)

Most of the Western press, while assisting enthusiastically in the campaign of vilification organized against Somoza by the world-spanning Communist propaganda apparatus, also helped to suppress news of the illegal airlift and to minimize—or, like President Carter, to deny—Cuban complicity in the war to capture Nicaragua. They depicted the rebels as selfless crusaders for the rights of the downtrodden and Somoza as a tropical Hitler.

All efforts to incite a popular uprising or a military coup having failed, the rebels began to fear that Somoza's government might survive after all, as it had earlier attempts at revolution. Fortunately, at that point the U.S. State Department mobilized the hemispheric diplomatic pressures that finally brought it down. The State Department had been following the old Castro script all along, and in 1979, as in late 1958, sent an envoy to order a beleaguered president to abandon his country to Communist assailants. The parallel was complete, even to the pretense that the guerrillas were not really Communists.

That pretense quickly collapsed when the new rulers took charge in mid-July. Dictatorial power was concentrated in a nine-man Sandinista Directorate which Fidel Castro himself appointed last May. The Directorate, reliably Marxist throughout, is headed by Tomás Borge, a veteran Cuban-trained revolutionary terrorist and a close friend of Castro. Although the Directors, for window-dressing, placed two non-Communists* on the subordinate five-member Revolutionary Junta for Reconstruction and selected several non-Communists to head ministries of government, they kept all the key places for themselves. They said—like Castro at a similar point in his revolution—that they had no intention of installing a Marxist regime, but their actions said that was precisely what they were doing. For example, the Sandinista:

► Abolished the old army and police forces and established a new "popular revolutionary army" and police forces commanded by Marxists. (Leaving a pre-revolutionary army in existence led to the overthrow of Marxist regimes in Guatemala in 1954 and Chile in 1973.)

► Installed Borge as Minister of the Interior in charge of the police and as one of the triumvirate in charge of the army.

Mr. Strother is a former Roving Editor for Reader's Digest, *now retired, who lives in Mexico.*

*One of them is Violeta Chamorro, widow of the editor of the opposition newspaper under Somoza (Chamorro's assassination touched off the insurrection). She insists that "there will not be a Communist government in Nicaragua or anything like that," and is widely regarded in Latin America as a "*tonta util*" (useful fool).

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(Borge was one of 83 prisoners released by Somoza in 1978 when Sandinista terrorists led by Eden Pastora—Comandante Zero—captured the Nicaraguan legislature and held it hostage for $500,000 and the prisoners.)

► Seized all the banks and confiscated the currency. Citizens were given 24 hours to exchange currency in their possession for six-month government notes bearing 8 per cent interest. Money in private hands after the deadline was declared void.

► Fired judges and magistrates all over Nicaragua and replaced them with comrades prepared to dispense revolutionary justice to the three thousand "*Somocistas* and criminals" now held in jails.

► Abolished freedom of the press—which had existed under the Somoza regime—and allowed only one general newspaper, one radio station, and one television channel to report the "news." "We support freedom of the press," says Bayardo Arce, a member of the Directorate, "but of course the freedom of the press we support will be freedom to support the revolution." (The bishops of Nicaragua were astonished to be hit by the press ban. Borge brusquely halted their effort to publish a proclamation calling for amity and moderation.)

► Banned elections and announced that their rule by decree would prevail indefinitely.

► Welcomed an influx of jubilant guerrilla leaders, terrorists, and Communist intellectuals from all over Latin America and Europe.

► Confiscated property owned by people they chose to brand "*Somocistas*."

► Formed agricultural communes or collectives on the seized land.

► Set up "block committees" to provide political orientation, decide who should and who should not have ration tickets, and spy on the neighbors—just as in Cuba.

► Seized at arbitrary prices cars and homes from people who had more than one of either.

► Fired "unreliable" Nicaraguan school teachers and, with Soviet aid, imported one thousand Cubans to replace them. UPI correspondent William F. Gentile put it nicely in his August 21 dispatch from Managua: "One-half million Nicaraguan youths began attending special indoctrination classes designed to erase their nightmares of the recent civil war and to teach them what liberty and freedom are all about." Yes indeed.

► Sent six hundred Nicaraguan youths to Cuba for socialist leadership training.

► Set up a special radio station to beam revolutionary propaganda to neighboring El Salvador where accelerated violence led to a successful coup that ousted President Romero.

► Made Nicaragua a member of the Soviet bloc in the so-called non-aligned nations at their recent meeting under Castro's direction in Havana.

► Lost no chance to denounce U.S. "imperialism" and to brand as niggardly U.S. emergency aid in the form of food, clothing, and shelter. (The U.S. sent far more aid than any other country.)

Watching this ominous sequence of events, sensible people followed the principle that a fowl which waddles, quacks, swims, and looks like a duck is more likely than not to be a duck. The State Department and some press experts were almost alone in having doubts about the orientation of the new government in Nicaragua. The "liberation" of Nicaragua mirrored the Cuban liberation all over again in every main feature but one: there was no immediate general massacre of the vanquished.

Terrorist campaigns to weaken the governments of El Salvador, Honduras, and Guatemala are flourishing, openly supported by Cuba and its protégés

The delay in dispensing revolutionary justice was tactical. Castro ordered the Sandinista first to get all possible money and aid from the United States and the international lending agencies. Time enough for the firing squads when the flow of grants and soft loans began to dry up.

Although El Salvador—where the army has now taken over—seems to be next on the Sandinista hit list, Nicaragua is too devastated and its 2.5 million citizens too close to starvation to allow its new leaders to engage just now in direct military action abroad. Meanwhile, however, terrorist campaigns to weaken the governments of El Salvador, Honduras, and Guatemala are flourishing, openly supported by both Cuba and its Central American protégés. Rivalry between guerrilla leaders is a problem, and the delay may enable Castro—"*el lider supremo*"—to unify them, as he did the previously divided Nicaraguan insurgents.

All three target countries are extremely vulnerable. They suffer, like most Latin American countries, from tyranny, corruption, high unemployment, inflated living costs, low wages, rural desperation, urban squalor, and the maldistribution of too little wealth. Opposition to government is broadly based, with university students—almost all of them well indoctrinated in Marxism by their national universities—and

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bishops as well as priests prominent in the struggle.

El Salvador looks especially shaky. It is the most densely populated country in Latin America (4.5 million), and economic gains from its considerable industrial and agricultural development are lost in the population explosion. A sharp business recession has recently heightened its vulnerability. The Marxist revolutionaries' prolonged campaign of murdering business executives or kidnapping them for gigantic ransoms has driven many of the survivors—British, Dutch, Japanese, and American—to close down their enterprises and flee the country.

Neither Congress nor the media seem much concerned by the prospect of Soviet control over a part of the continent once considered vital to U.S. interests

One of the six guerrilla groups operating in El Salvador has extorted an estimated $80 million in ransoms in the last few months—in some cases, after killing its hostages—and now has a larger war chest than the government. On an average 12 policemen or national guardsmen are assassinated weekly, and strikes, bombings, and extortion enforced by sabotage or death threats are daily occurrences.

The calculated result is that the cops and soldiers have become jittery and trigger-happy. One huge demonstration was broken up by gunfire; 24 people were killed. The government is forced to meet violence with violence, and so brings down upon itself new storms of criticism. The same well-contrived no-win situation confronts all of the many non-Communist governments in the world now under ideological siege by leftist extremists.

The three Central American countries now in jeopardy are urgently requesting additional U.S. military aid as the only way to prevent their fall and the consequent expansion of Cuban/Soviet hegemony in the region. They believe that the Panama Canal to the south and the rich Mexican oil fields to the north are the ultimate targets of the Soviet geopoliticians, and that time is fast running out.

"Not many of us are naïve enough to believe that Castro and his Soviet bosses built up the Cuban army, which is now the most powerful in Latin America, just for use in Africa," a Salvadorean diplomat said. "They intend to put it to profitable use much nearer home."

He suggested that the Soviet purpose in stationing its recently discovered combat brigade in Cuba was to provide Castro with the internal security he needs if he is to undertake new military adventures on the American mainland.

Viron "Pete" Vaky, Under Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, recently told a congressional committee that it may already be too late to save El Salvador. The Pentagon and U.S. intelligence agencies disagree, and they want to rush aid to all three threatened countries; the State Department, however, is dragging its feet. A *Washington Post* report tells why:

> Although some State Department officials are known to advocate a more hard-line approach, the Department's basic position is that such a move would undermine the effort to gain the confidence of the Sandinista in Nicaragua, create suspicion and hostility among democratic governments in Latin America, and provoke fierce new opposition from congressional liberals.

And that, *Human Events* said in a tart editorial, reveals "just how bankrupt American policy has become, because it amounts to total appeasement of the Communists in this hemisphere."

Perhaps the most startling aspect of the deteriorating situation in Central America is the calm with which it has been received, not only by the State Department, but by the American press and public. Neither Congress nor the media seem much concerned by the prospect of Soviet control over a part of the continent once considered vital to U.S. interests. Significantly, the fall of Nicaragua and the simultaneous Marxist capture, by ballot, of three Caribbean islands—Grenada, Dominica, and St. Lucia—coincided with the bland announcement by the U.S. ambassador to Panama that the domino theory is absolutely false.

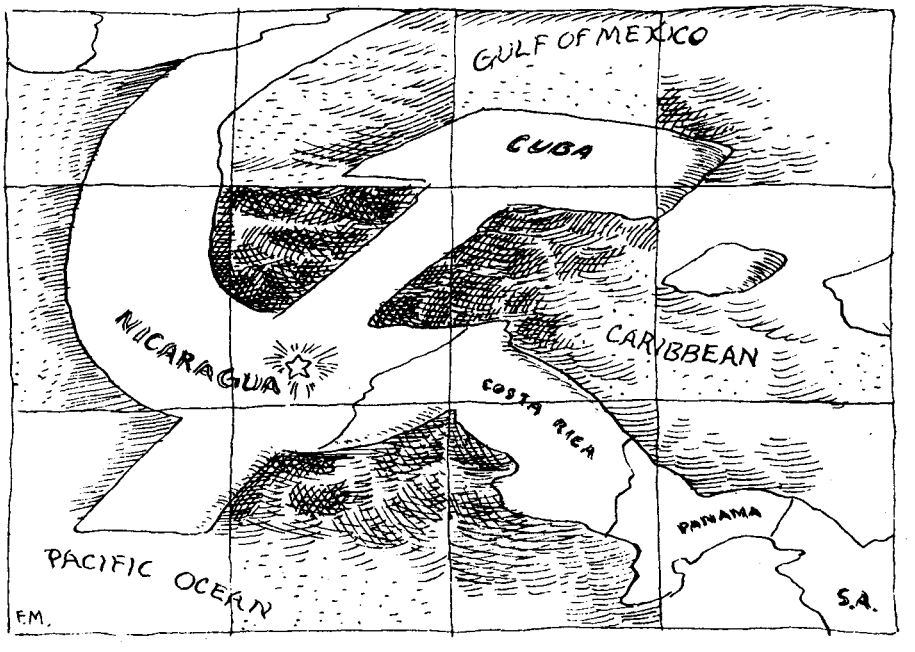
The official pleasure that some neighboring or nearby countries took in the Sandinista victory—Mexico, Costa Rica, Panama, and Venezuela are examples—is nothing less than ludicrous. The pace of Marxist expansion in the area seems likely to accelerate rapidly in the near future, and nobody in office today can be sure that he or his country is immune.

Newsweek recently sent two writers to interview Tomás Borge, Nicaragua's new Interior Minister, apparently with the purpose of removing roadblocks to socialist revolution in Central America. The chat ended on a charming note:

Q: "Why is it that at times you sound more like a poet than a revolutionary?"

A: "All true revolutionaries are poets."

The hairy gunmen in the bunker must have laughed aloud at that one. □



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THE MONT PELERIN SOCIETY

All Eyes on Britain

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

MADRID: The word "liberal" in Spain retains its classic connotations. The modern Spanish liberal, even as his nineteenth century forebears did, believes in the free economy operating in a framework of law, with government limited to preserving the national security. He may be in a distinct minority in his own country, but he keeps his intellectual lines clear and refuses to surrender his nomenclature to interlopers. So it was hardly an anomaly when, in the midst of entertaining some three hundred members and guests of the Mont Pelerin Society at a dinner, the Liberal Club of Madrid invited Nobel Prize-winner Friedrich Hayek, the founder of Mont Pelerin, who for his own part won't be called a conservative, to become the Liberal Club's honorary president. It was like unto like. The title had previously been the exclusive property of the late Salvador de Madariaga, one of Spain's immortal liberal philosophers.

The honor paid to Hayek was an interlude in the September meeting of the Mont Pelerin Society, held in Madrid with a fascinating side excursion to the old university town of Salamanca. Hayek had no semantic difficulties communing with his hosts and graciously accepting their tribute. It is something of a personal crusade with Hayek to recover the word "liberal" from the collectivists and interventionists who have filched it. The Spaniards who listened in on the Mont Pelerin deliberations could understand Hayek's passion; after all, in Spain, the word "liberal" was first applied to a wholly non-collectivist nineteenth century political grouping. And it came as no news to Spanish scholars that the subjective theory of value commonly associated with Carl Menger and Hayek's own Austrian school of economics had been rather elaborately formulated in the sixteenth century by Dominican and Jesuit professors at the University of Salamanca who believed that the "just price" of medieval ethical concern was nothing more or less than the market price in an uncoerced transaction.

The Mont Pelerin deliberations in Spain followed usual lines for the most part. There were sessions on money ("private good or public good?"), on the law and union power, on the record of state intervention in Europe, on natural law, on government *versus* private education, on workers' management, on the ethics of competition, and on the economic theory of democracy. The papers were invariably nourishing, but for me the high points of the meeting were the trip to Salamanca and the old walled town of Avila, which took up all of one day, and an impromptu session given over to a discussion of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's chances for rescuing England from the grip of the labor unions and letting the average Briton keep just a little more of the income that, for thirty years, he has not dared call his own.

At Salamanca we sat in an ancient hall and listened to a remarkable paper on "The School of Salamanca" by Marjorie Grice-Hutchinson. As everyone knows, the Industrial Revolution took place in England, bringing an end to mercantilism. Dr. Grice-Hutchinson told us, in effect, that it might have happened in Spain, but didn't. The prerequisites for the revolution were there. The seven-hundred-year effort involved in driving the Moors out of Spain had fostered the qualities of courage, endurance, resourcefulness, and organizing ability, which, as Dr. Grice-Hutchinson pointed out, are not virtues of a rigidly ordered society. The "winds of liberty" blew for a time in the valleys of the Douro and the Tagus; if those winds had been tamer it is unlikely the Spanish cavaliers would ever have overrun most of America.

With the New World conquests went a demand for the products of the mother country—foodstuffs, tools, soap, horses, textiles, wine, and seeds. It was a time for market optimism in all of Spain. The professors at Salamanca were ready with theory that predated Adam Smith by 250 years. As good Christians, the professors had to reckon with the concept of the "just price" and the Church's prohibition of usury, which was defined as the taking of any interest at all on a loan.

One of the Salamanca doctors, Diego de Covarrubias, found his way to the just price by noting, in language that would surely find favor with Murray Rothbard, that "the value of an article does not depend on its essential nature, but on the estimation of men—even if that estimation be foolish. Thus, in the Indies wheat is dearer than in Spain because men esteem it more highly, though the nature of the wheat is the same in both places." Another sixteenth century doctor, Luis Saravia de la Calle, wrote that "if we had to consider labor and risk in order to assess the just price, no merchant would ever suffer loss, nor would abundance or scarcity of goods and money enter into the question . . . the just price is found not by counting the cost but by the common estimation." Carl Menger and Ludwig von Mises couldn't have said it better.

Interesse v. Usura

As for interest on loans—the "price of money"—the Spanish doctors arrived at the conclusion that a lender was entitled to be reimbursed for any loss that he had sustained through surrendering the use of his own money for a given time. The lender could legitimately accept compensatory "*interesse*," as contrasted with illicit "*usura*." The Church, in time, had to reckon with the Salamanca view.

Why didn't Salamanca theory sustain the growth of a liberal market system in Spain? Court and Church, of course, favored top-down controls, but it was slavery in the colonies more than authoritarian tradition at home that did Spain in. The gold and silver that flooded into Seville, the home port of

Mr. Chamberlain is the author of, among other things, The Roots of Capitalism, *which has just been reprinted by Liberty Press.*

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the American trade, were produced by cheap Indian labor, causing an inflation that soon spread far beyond Andalusia. With gold and silver to spend in ever bigger quantities, it was easier for Spaniards to turn to northern Europe for goods than it was to develop their own industries and train their own apprentices. With less bullion, Spain would have been better off; it would have been forced to trade goods for goods, not for a just price in specie that came without effort.

A Debt to Drake

In a free moment between the Mont Pelerin sessions in Madrid, Ben Rogge showed one of the pictures that have been underwritten by the Liberty Fund of Indianapolis to illustrate good free-market principles. The subject was England as the incubator of the Industrial Revolution. But Rogge's picture missed an irony: it could be argued that England acquired at least a portion of her investment capital—a point that is important to an understanding of her economic development—thanks to the ability of her seamen, Francis Drake and the rest, to pirate the gold of Spain on the high seas.

Dr. Joaquín R. Reig, the Spanish Mont Pelerin member who was responsible for the Madrid meeting, is a businessman whose avocation is translating Ludwig von Mises into Spanish. His aim is to fill the void in Spain that was caused by the failure of the Salamanca school to perpetuate itself. Spain had obviously not done too badly in the last years of Franco: the building boom, with its high-rise condominiums along the Costa del Sol and its workers' flats on the fringes of the big cities, had benefited the whole society. Spain is now prepared to enter the European Common Market. But the tradition of autarchy, a holdover from the earlier Franco years, does not die easily.

In one of the Mont Pelerin sessions spent on Spanish problems, Dr. Juergen B. Donges of the Institut für Weltwirtschaft in Kiel, West Germany, called for a "reconsideration" of the direct control of business which Spain's National Industry Institute (INI) exercises in the name of the "national interest." The INI not only presumes to ride herd, in Rexford Tugwell fashion, on new firms, it has taken over failing companies, playing a big part in steel, petroleum refining, and shipbuilding. INI-controlled companies get favorable treatment, which discourages investment in new private firms. Spain doesn't have as big a share of publicly run firms as Britain, but its record for interventionism is fully comparable to what goes on in France and Italy. Dr. Donges advises the Spanish National Industry Institute to divest itself of ownership in such enterprises as "do not require public support any longer for being commercially viable: food processing, textiles, automobiles, chemicals, and even electrical utilities. . . ." He also recommended more autonomous operation of remaining government industries. "The Italian experience with decentralized decision-making in the public sector," he said, "has much relevance for Spain."

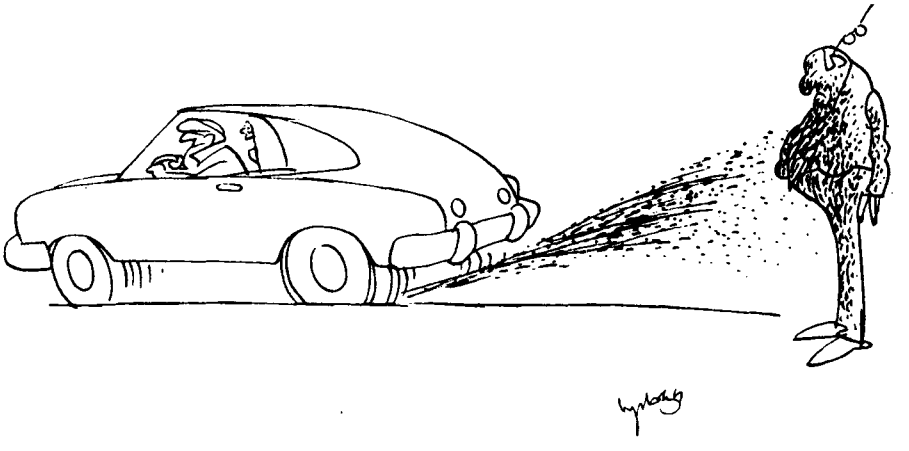
Spain, according to Joaquín Reig, is ripe for divestiture. The Left, though it is still formidable if Communists and Socialists are lumped together, has lost some of its certainties. Santiago Carrillo, the Secretary of the Communist Party, has officially softened the Communist line by dropping Lenin's name from its programmatic literature. Good Eurocommunists, he says, can no longer maintain that "Leninism is the Marxism of our epoch." Of course, only the useful idiots accept Carrillo as a democrat —he gave himself away when, in response to the taunts of Catalonian Reds, he asked a cynical question, "What would Lenin have done?" Lenin, of course, was always willing to indulge in a useful lie.

With the Communists donning sheep's clothing, the Spanish Socialists are split between believers in a distant revolution and those committed to ordinary West European social democracy. So, with the Left wobbling in its aims, the atmosphere could be right for an old-fashioned, classical liberal response to basic economic questions.

There was considerable clamor among the Spanish Mont Pelerin guests to hear more about Margaret Thatcher in England. It struck me, listening in at the session given over to the British chances for a return to a free economy, that the Spaniards had come to exactly the right place. Sitting in the room there happened to be the four people who—luckily for England—had molded Margaret Thatcher's thought: namely, Professor Hayek, Ralph—now Lord—Harris, Antony Fisher, and Arthur Seldon.

Thatcher and the IEA

Reconstructing the progress of the intellectual movement that has a chance of reviving a free Britain, one recalled that, in 1946, Antony Fisher, then a young man out of the Royal Air Force, had gone to Professor Hayek for advice about entering politics. Hayek, fresh from his success with *The Road to Serfdom*, told Fisher that if he really wanted to have an effect on the future he should turn to the promotion of ideas instead of running for office. Accordingly, when Fisher had accumulated some capital in the chicken business by exploiting loopholes in a controlled



"I think you made an impression on my Dad."

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economy, he subsidized an organization called the Institute of Economic Affairs (IEA) which, for a long time, consisted of two dedicated and considerably overworked young men, Ralph Harris and Arthur Seldon. Together, Harris and Seldon slogged away with anti-intervention studies—the Hobart Papers—for some three decades. It was discouraging at times to throw unappreciated words into the Keynesian sea. But Margaret Thatcher read the IEA literature and was convinced.

She has now made Ralph Harris a lord and thanked him publicly for giving the Conservatives a real sense of purpose. Her program for Britain is an IEA program. She has promised to restore incentives by tax cuts and tax switches and by selling off bits and pieces of nationalized industries. The Spaniards at the Mont Pelerin meeting came away with a vivid object lesson in the percolation of ideas. Jeffrey Bell, speaking up for an immediate Jack Kemp tax-cutting program in Britain, twitted Lord Harris and Arthur Seldon on Mrs. Thatcher's failure to begin her regime with across-the-board tax cuts on both the consumption and supply sides of the economic picture. But the Britishers at the Madrid meeting offered a hope that deep sales-tax cuts would accompany income-tax cuts in due time, after the Conservatives had succeeded in returning a few expensive nationalized businesses to private ownership.

Spain, like Britain, has its union problems—the Communist and anarcho-syndicalist traditions won't disappear overnight. The Spaniards will be watching Margaret Thatcher's efforts in dealing with what, after all, is Trotskyism in the British unions. The Mont Pelerin meeting in Spain won't affect the issue directly. But the percolation of ideas can't be stopped.

Who knows, it may be that Joaquín Reig, who, like Antony Fisher, has listened to Professor Hayek, will turn out to be the Spanish Lord Harris. In a world in which Marxists are trying to pose as pluralist democrats, anything is possible. □

Running with Tom and Jane and, Maybe, Jerry

"RUN, TOM, RUN," says Jane. "See Tom run. Elect Tom," says Jane. "See me run," says Tom. "Elect me. I'm for economic democracy."

"So am I. See Jerry run," says Jerry. "What is economic democracy?"

"Economic democracy means nobody should have to work," says Tom. "Just like me. I never worked, and I'm doing fine."

"And how does economic democracy work?" asks Jerry.

"Nobody has to work," says Tom. "But some people want to work anyway. Jane wants to work and I let her. Then I help her spend the money. Businessmen and workers and farmers want to work because they don't know there is more to life than nine to five. Then we all help them spend their money. That is what economic democracy is all about. People helping other people spend their money."

"Run, Tom, run," says Jane. "Tell us about energy, Tom."

"Hard energy is bad," says Tom. "Hard energy is coal and oil and nukes and electricity. It runs cars and planes and trains and factories, and it makes all the things used by people who hate materialism. It is bad because corporations develop it, and corporations are the pits."

"Hard energy is a crock," says Jane.

"Soft energy is good," says Tom. "Soft energy is sun and wind and tides. It doesn't fuel much except folk songs and slogans and protest rallies, but corporations don't make it, so it's good."

"Renewable fuels are good," says Tom. "We should only burn alcohol and wood and organic methane—"

"And American flags," says Jane.

"Shut up and get to work," says Tom.

"Run, Tom, run," says Jane.

"Let's all say, 'Run, Jerry, run,'" says Jerry.

"Hmmm," say Tom and Jane.

"Tom can be my solar energy commissioner," says Jerry.

"Run, Jerry, run," say Tom and Jane. "Just be sure to clear your speeches about nuclear power with us."

"Tell us about civil rights, Tom," says Jane.

"Civil rights are good for blacks and Chicanos and most registered voters in California unless they own a farm or run a business," says Tom.

"Are they good for the Vietnamese?" asks Jerry.

"They used to be when the American war criminals supported the corrupt South Vietnam government, but now the good People's Republic of Vietnam has nationalized civil rights," says Tom.

"See Tom run," says Jane.

"Who is against civil rights, Tom?" asks Jane.

"Our government," says Tom. "Our government is bad."

"I'm not bad," says Jerry. "But the legislature stinks. You wouldn't catch me dead in the Governor's Mansion, but the White House would be a dandy place to park my economical Plymouth and burn incense."

"Power to the People," says Tom.

"What will people do with power?" asks Jane.

"The people will run the government, and the government will run the corporations and make soft energy, and everybody will chant the right slogans and sing the right folk songs," says Tom.

"If the government is bad," says Jerry, "why will the people give them all that power?"

"They won't give power to *them*," says Tom. "They will give it to *us*, and when we run the government, *everybody* will be good or else."

"Will there be more civil rights then?" asks Jerry.

THERE'S NEVER really enough civil rights to go around," says Tom. "So we will ration it like any scarce commodity, but we will see that the right people get enough."

"What should we do until economic democracy gets here?" asks Jerry.

"Let's go play with Vanessa and Yasir. We can shout slogans and blow up imperialists," says Jane.

"Is shouting slogans fun?" asks Jerry.

"Not really," says Jane. "Blowing up imperialists is fun, but unless you also shout slogans, it's considered tacky. Run, Tom, run." —MARK TAIFER

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The NEA Stonewall

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

OBEDIENT TO the most powerful political lobby in the land, President Carter and Congress have established the Department of Education, a vast, costly bureaucratic boondoggle well calculated to lower the quality of learning in these United States. Newspapers throughout the country, hundreds of them, have condemned in their editorials this baneful empire-building of the educationists; and conspicuous among those opposing papers are the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, publications never in the past suspected of a niggardly attitude toward the activities of the Federal Government.

Clearly the National Education Association (NEA) and its affiliates (or, more precisely, the political umbrella calling itself the United Teaching Profession [UTP], which is the creation of the National Education Association) can bully the executive and legislative branches in Washington. Also, as suggested below, the federal judiciary seems to entertain tenderness for the NEA and the UTP. This UTP-NEA lobby exceeds in power the influence of the AFL-CIO: for the American Federation of Teachers, affiliated with the AFL-CIO, fought hard but unsuccessfully against the Department of Education bill. In effect, the UTP-NEA constitutes an efficient national political operation, the equivalent of a political party, though better organized and better financed, most of the time, than are either the Democrats or the Republicans.

The question of whether the union called the National Education Association, with the United Teaching Profession political arm and its many affiliates, ought to be regarded and treated as a political machine—this question, seemingly so easy to answer, now is in the federal courts. The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation (NRWLDF) has taken up its cudgel in defense of 22 college teachers employed by the community colleges of Minnesota. These plaintiff college professors are compelled to pay fees (very substantial fees) to the Minnesota Community College Faculty Association, an affiliate of the Minnesota Education Association and the NEA. But part of the compulsory fees paid by these 22 (and thousands of other Minnesota teachers, willy-nilly) is used for partisan political purposes, including support of particular candidates for public office. Accordingly, say these Minnesota college teachers, our money has been wrongfully taken, and we seek redress from the federal courts.

In preparing the petitioners' case, NRWLDF drew up a brief of 57 printed pages (*Leon W. Knight* v. *Minnesota Community College Faculty Association*), plus a fat volume (472 pp.) of Petitioners' Appendices. These documents supply abundant detail of the political operations of NEA, UTP, and affiliates. Indeed, the plaintiffs' lawyers had accumulated so much formidable evidence that abruptly, and without offering reason, a three-judge federal district court in Minnesota forbade "discovery." This court order also is in litigation now.

To quote from the plaintiffs' brief, "Petitioners intend to prove that NEA, MEA, MCCFA, IMPACE, and their affiliates constitute a single, integrated organization that styles itself the United Teaching Profession (UTP) and operates throughout the United States. The UTP, Petitioners contend, is substantially involved at the local, state, and national levels in the campaigns of candidates for election to public office, lobbying and other attempts to influence governmental action, propaganda and agitation, litigation, and coalitions with sundry political organizations, groups, and movements. . . . Petitioners claim the UTP constitutes a political-action organization indistinguishable, for purposes of constitutional law, from a political party. And therefore, they say . . . the Minnesota Public Employment Labor Relations Act is unconstitutional insofar as it requires Petitioners, as a condition of public employment, to accept the UTP or any of its units or levels as their 'spokesman,' 'sponsor,' or 'representative' for any purpose."

The plaintiffs' lawyers charge the NEA-MEA and affiliates with "stonewalling" and "covering up" much evidence of the political machinations of their agents. They say that these educationist political operatives have destroyed, and continue to destroy, important relevant documents. In effect, the Right to Work attorneys suggest that the teachers' unions have been abetted in this by a federal district court.

At this writing, it seems improbable that the plaintiffs will be able to persuade federal appellate courts to direct resumption of the "discovery" activities which were discontinued at the order of the district court. But it seems entirely possible that evidence already collected may suffice to prove the petitioners' principal contention.

SPEAKING OF principles and principals, I find that some unionized teachers don't know the difference. A correspondent sends me a newspaper advertisement paid for by the striking Marshall Teacher's [*sic*] Association, a Michigan affiliate of the NEA. "Our concerns are . . ." this advertisement proclaims, "Teacher Evaluation . . . We want to be evaluated by our principles [*sic*] and assistant principles [*sic*] . . . . Teacher Lay-Offs . . . We need protection based on seniority and certification. We want a fair and easily understood layoff procedure [*sic*]."

Evaluating the NEA by its practice, one discovers in that huge lobby much more concern for power and loot than for spelling—or for any other school discipline of the mind. As for the NEA's procedures—why, I quote again the Minnesota plaintiffs:

"These facts convinced Petitioners that NEA, MEA, MCCFA, IMPACE, and their officials . . . had conspired to proffer false, evasive, and incomplete testimony; to sequester or destroy documentary evidence; and otherwise to impede Petitioners' full discovery in this case."

With the funds and the votes it can deliver, the NEA already has bought President Carter. Tammany Hall, in its heyday, might have demanded less from officeholders than does the stonewalling NEA. □

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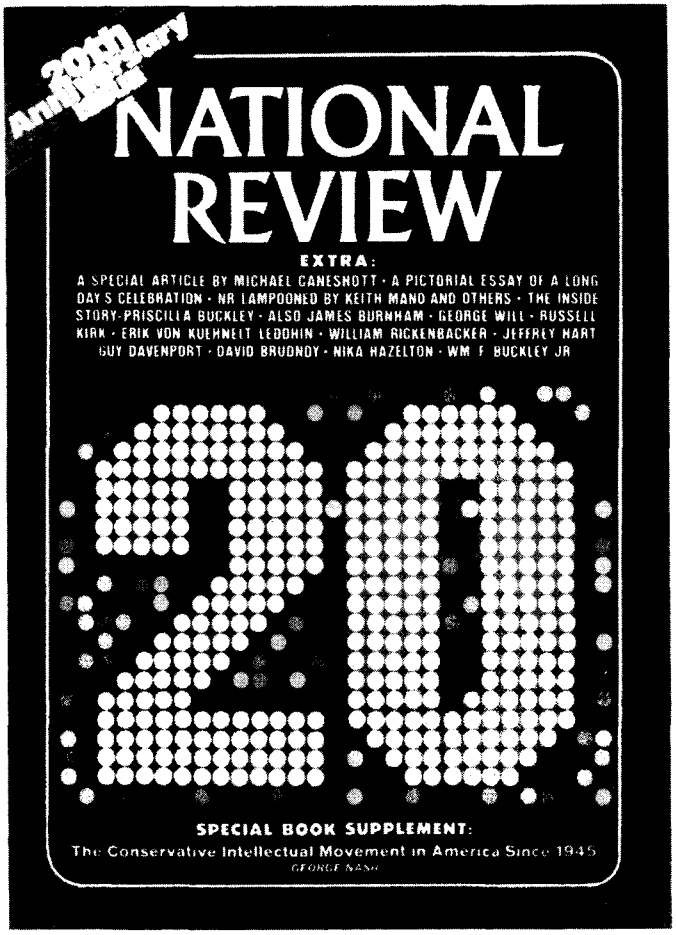
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Books Arts & Manners

Looking for Anne Frank

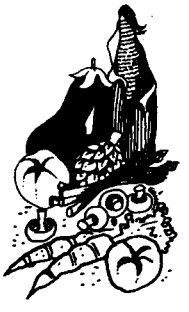
The Ghost Writer
By Philip Roth
Farrar, 180 pp., $8.95

DAVID EVANIER

There are few voices in American literature with the recognizable electricity of Philip Roth's. With a firm and impressive body of work behind him, he seems today about to embark on a new engagement with history. *The Ghost Writer* is a gem-like prelude.

Once again drawing a thin line between autobiographical fact and fiction, Roth paints himself here as Nathan Zuckerman, an eager young writer of 23, visiting the home of a major figure of letters, a Malamud-like man named Lonoff: "To me it was as though the hallucinatory strains in Gogol had been filtered through the humane skepticism of Chekhov to nourish the country's first 'Russian' writer." Lonoff is an abstraction, skimpily drawn: austere, remote, a "master of renunciation" dedicated 24 hours a day to his art. He is a static character. There is also a Bellow-like writer, Abravanel ("his every paragraph a little novel in itself, every page packed as tight as Dickens or Dostoyevsky with the latest news of manias, temptations, passions, and dreams, with mankind aflame with feeling"), who is allotted a few pages. The young narrator chooses as his "father" the more accessible Lonoff.

These 180 pages are thus packed with familiar Roth themes—especially his conflict with his father (with bell-clanging reminders of Freud's Oedipal theory: Nathan is tempted to kiss Lonoff and "bewildered by the strength of a feeling that I had rarely had toward my own father once I'd begun to shave"; he falls immediately in love with Lonoff's young assistant and aspiring mistress).



There are three themes here that might have cohered in the writing: Roth as an emerging young writer at the altar of the great Lonoff; Roth's conflict with the Jewish community and his family over his moral responsibilities as a Jewish writer, and Roth's reflections on and involvement with the story of Anne Frank. They don't really mesh, although there are many brilliant moments throughout.

A substantial portion of the book is taken up with Roth's tangle with his father and the wider Jewish community over charges of "Jewish antisemitism" in his first published story. (He has written of a family incident that his father feels puts them all in a shabby light.) The community wants him in essence to be a PR man for Jewry. Some of the best writing in the book comes out of this conflict, including the hilarious letter Nathan receives from Judge Wapter, who is admired and talked about through the length and breadth of Essex County. The Judge, at the urging of Nathan's father, sends Nathan a list of ten questions about his story, including: "If you had been living in Nazi Germany in the Thirties, would you have written such a story?" "What set of aesthetic values makes you think that the cheap is more valid than the noble and the slimy is more truthful than the sublime?" "What in your character makes you associate so much of life's ugliness with Jewish people?" and "Can you honestly say that there is anything in your short story that would not warm the heart of a Julius Streicher or a Joseph Goebbels?"

Yet the Judge Wapter letter, and the conflict it deals with, is not exactly new ground for Roth. He has been writing essays and articles about his fight with the Jewish community for years. In his 1963 essay for *Commentary*, "Writing about Jews," he dealt with the same issues, even including samples of letters he had received that resemble Wapter's. In 1974, Roth dealt with the attacks of Marie Syrkin, a noted Zionist writer, in an essay, "Imagining Jews." Miss Syrkin's critique was closest to Judge Wapter's letter, for it was she who wrote in *Midstream* that Portnoy was "like Julius Streicher's satanic Jewboy," and "there is little to choose between [Joseph Goebbels' theories] and Roth's interpretation of what animates Portnoy."

This entire episode (the letter itself a classic encapsulation of all the well-intentioned arguments of those sub-literate groups that seek to turn their writers into Rotarians) is written with deep affection for the family and environment that Roth has treated more harshly in the past, illuminating the difficulties of defying it:

> [Nathan and his father] descended the long incline of our street and reached Elizabeth Avenue. No lawn we passed, no driveway, no garage, no lamppost, no little brick

Judith Chettle *has contributed to publications here and in South Africa. . . .* **David Evanier** *is a reviewer and novelist residing in Manhattan. . . .* **Vic Gold** *is a prolific writer and journalist, whose latest book is* PR as in President. *. . .* **Ellen Wilson** *is a Contributing Editor of* The Human Life Review.

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stoop, was without its power over me. Here I had practiced my sidearm curve, here on my sled I'd broken a tooth, here I had copped my first feel. . . . There was no end to all I could remember happening to me on this street of one-family brick houses more or less like ours, owned by Jews more or less like us, to whom six rooms with a "finished" basement and a screened-in porch on a street with shade trees was something never to be taken for granted, given the side of the city where they'd started out. . . . Across the wide thoroughfare was the entrance to the park. There my father used to seat himself—each Sunday the same bench—to watch my brother and me play tag, yelling our heads off after hours of good behavior. . . . "Oh," [his father] used to say, "how you boys love to shout," and with one hand for each son's head would smooth back our damp hair as we started out of the park and back up the familiar hill where we lived.

But when the narrator is describing the visit to Lonoff, he is apt to write this way: "We talked about literature and I was in heaven—also in a sweat from the spotlight he was giving me to bask in." If the Lonoff material—which, after all, is at the heart of the book—had more vitality, the flashbacks might appear to protrude less awkwardly into the center.

WHAT finally smashes the novella into jarringly separate thirds is the section called "Femme Fatale." Here Nathan Zuckerman imagines that Lonoff's young assistant, Amy Bellette, is really Anne Frank, alive and well in America and disguising her identity. Roth/Zuckerman posits two theories to account for this: Anne Frank may be keeping her identity a secret in order to maintain the impact of the diary upon the world's conscience. If it were known to be the work of a living writer, "it would never be more than it was: a young teenager's diary . . ." Another alternative: Lonoff's secretary is simply pretending to be Anne Frank in order to seduce the scrupulous Lonoff and become his *femme fatale.* But if the secretary really is Anne Frank, Nathan thinks, then he, by marrying her, can refute his family's accusations of "Jewish antisemitism" and lack of "Jewish identity."

> This is my wife, everyone. She is all I have ever wanted. If you doubt me, just look at her smile, listen to her laugh. Remember the shadowed eyes innocently uplifted in the clever little face? Remember the dark hair clipped back with a barrette? Well, this is she. . . . Anne, says my father, *the* Anne? Oh, how I have misunderstood my son. How mistaken we have been!

The Anne Frank section further stretches a narrative already pulled in several directions within too short a span of pages. (Roth also packs in flashbacks to his girlfriend, a magazine-selling job, and a four-page summarization of the Henry James story "The Middle Years," about a dying writer and his disciple.) Nevertheless, it contains within it some canny speculations on what Anne Frank's inner thoughts might have been like had she lived, close textual analysis of the diary, and incisive reflections about it:

> To be truthful, the young girl of her diary was . . . only dimly Jewish, though in that entirely the daughter of the father who calmed her fears by reading aloud to her at night not the Bible but Goethe in German and Dickens in English.
>
> But that was the point—that was what gave her diary the power to make the nightmare real. To expect the great callous and indifferent world to care about the child of a pious, bearded father living under the sway of the rabbis and the rituals—that was pure folly. To the ordinary person with no great gift for tolerating even the smallest of differences the plight of that family wouldn't mean a thing. To ordinary people it probably would seem that they had invited disaster by stubbornly repudiating everything modern and European—not to say Christian. But the family of Otto Frank, that would be another matter! How could even the most obtuse of the ordinary ignore what had been done to the Jews *just for being Jews.* . . . It took nothing—that was the horror. And that was the truth. And that was the power of her book. . . .

Does this qualify as fiction? It qualifies as art because of its passion and moral integrity, its wrestling with the questions that matter.

It should be clear that while *The Ghost Writer* is more of an elegant shell of a novel than a realized novella, it is frequently very funny and arresting. Roth's deepest gifts are linked to turbulence (as he says of Zuckerman), and the controlled Lonoff, even beset as he is by marital discord, cannot embody the fires that Roth ignites in writing of his immediate family—or the wider family of man that Anne Frank symbolizes for him. □

Jailbird
By Kurt Vonnegut
Delacorte, 241 pp., $9.95

BLAH, BLAH

VIC GOLD

This makes an even dozen for Kurt Vonnegut since his first, *Player Piano.* Novels, I think. This one you will want to read at one sitting. You had better, because if you put it down and try to pick it up again, you won't remember where you left off.

Peace. Also, *Strong stuff.* Also, *Imagine that!* Also, *and so on.* These are the laid-back ironies Kurt Vonnegut sprinkles throughout his even-dozenth. But not, *So it goes.* No. You won't find a *So it goes* in this one.

Pity for old Vonnegut fans. But *That's life for you.*

I forgot: also, *Times change.*

******

On page 173 of his even-dozenth, Vonnegut has his central figure, Walter F. Starbuck, who will probably be played by Woody Allen when they do the movie, make a point. This is the point Walter F. Starbuck makes: *Sacco and Vanzetti never killed anybody.*

That is good to know. Ever since I was a small boy, I had heard that they had. It was my father who told me. He was a plant foreman in a factory that Sidney Hillman was trying to organize. Sidney Hillman was president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. My father didn't think much of him. The feeling, I believe, was mutual. At the 1944 Democratic Convention, before Roosevelt dropped Henry Wallace from the ticket for Harry Truman, he was reported as saying, "Clear it with Sidney."

Imagine that! When my father heard that story, he vowed never to vote for Roosevelt again. But it made no difference. Louisiana went Democratic, and my father hadn't registered to vote anyway.

1944 was the same year the St. Louis Browns won the American League pennant. Now they are called the Baltimore Orioles. When I was a boy, my father once took me to watch the Browns play an exhibition game against the New Or-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE NOVEMBER TITLES: George F. Kennan's *The Decline of Bismarck's European Order: Franco-Russian Relations, 1875-1890* (Princeton, $25) blames the tensions leading to World War I upon the Franco-Russian alliance against Germany, which he says was inspired more by a hatred of the common enemy than by national compatibility. Mr. Kennan should be encouraged to spend his golden years discussing nineteenth century diplomacy more, twentieth century diplomacy less. . . . *Catholics and American Politics* (Harvard, $15), by Mary T. Hannah, assesses the institutional clout the Church wields in American politics today. . . . In *Why Males Exist: An Inquiry into the Evolution of Sex* (Morrow, $9.95), Fred Hapgood argues that "males exist only to cater to female preferences." That is news to nobody but women's libbers and a few enlightened men. . . . *The Networks: How They Stole the Show* (Scribner's, $8.95), by A. Frank Reel, describes the manner in which the three major networks have managed not only to control their own stations but to dictate to the independents too. The author, a lawyer, was at one time president of Metromedia Producers Corporation. . . . E. J. Kahn Jr., a staff writer for *The New Yorker*, is publishing a collection of his pieces, *Far-flung and Footloose* (Putnam's, $12.95), written over the past 41 years. Almost all *The New Yorker*'s departments are represented.

■ THE ART WORLD: *J. M. W. Turner: His Art and Life* (Rizzoli, $85) is a fascinating study by Andrew Wilton in which the author traces Turner's development as a Modernist painter who worked with no intent to revolutionize painting. Splendid illustrations—for which, of course, you pay. . . . Fred Licht's *Goya: The Origins of the Modern Temper in Art* (Universe Books, $16.50) also puts his artist in the forefront of Modernism, by which he seems to mean, chiefly, nihilism. —CW

leans Pelicans. I remember that the Browns had a one-armed fielder named Pete Gray. Now I take my son to watch the Baltimore Orioles. All the Orioles fielders have two arms.

Times change.

******

I'll bet I know what you are asking along about now. You are asking this: "What in sweet Jesus' name are his father, Sidney Hillman, the St. Louis Browns a/k/a the Baltimore Orioles, and Pete Gray doing in the middle of a review of Kurt Vonnegut's even-dozenth?"

Fair question. As soon as I figure out what Richard Nixon, Roy Cohn, and Sacco and Vanzetti are doing in the middle of Kurt Vonnegut's even-dozenth, I will try to come up with an answer. Meanwhile, you will have to take my word for it that this is all very sublime and I am not pulling your leg, putting you on, sending you up, telling an inside joke, *and so on.*

This is what I mean by an inside joke: Walter F. Starbuck's favorite bird is the prothonotary warbler. If you don't understand the sublimity of this, too bad. So it goes with inside jokes.

******

When Woody Allen plays the role of Walter F. Starbuck, he will feel very comfortable inside the part, however. That is because Walter F. Starbuck is a shnook who, beneath his shnookish exterior, harbors sublime, guilt-ridden thoughts. Such as: a) Man spends most of his waking hours being inhumane to man; b) Life is rather *blah, blah,* since we are all going to blow each other up one day, possibly tomorrow; and c) Between the soulless capitalist warmongers and the heartless anti-Commie fascists, Vonnegut fans don't really stand much chance one way or another. Take Watergate, Vietnam, *and so on.*

******

"Did you see what I did to those anarchist bastards the other day?"

Those are the words Walter F. Starbuck, a Harvard man, attributes to Webster Thayer, the judge who passed sentence on Sacco and Vanzetti. He also quotes Al Capone. This is what Walter F. Starbuck says Al Capone once said: "Bolshevism is knocking at our gates. . . . We must keep the worker away from red literature and red ruses."

******

My son, who is very much like my father, explained that the point Vonnegut is making is that there really isn't much difference between Richard Nixon/Roy Cohn and Al Capone.

Strong stuff.

Vonnegut gives a source for these memorable quotations, of course. This is his source: a book titled *Labor's Untold Story*, by Richard O. Boyer and Herbert M. Morais.

A book plug in the middle of a novel. *Imagine that!*

******

But here I am, coming to the end of my allotted space, and I really haven't told you anything about Kurt Vonnegut's even-dozenth, have I?

Yes I have. Take my word for it. Fair is fair. After all, if you are a Vonnegut fan, you take his word for it, don't *youuuuuuuuuuuuuu?* □

Burger's Daughter
By Nadine Gordimer
Viking, 361 pp., $10.95

AIRSPOUT

JUDITH CHETTLE

A partisan political novel is a little like a chocolate-coated pill: the attempted subterfuge does not often succeed in making the bitter medicine palatable. It almost seems better to take the medicine straight or not at all. And yet to write a novel set in South Africa without mention of the racial tensions and complexities that are an inextricable part of every South African's life would be like leaving God out of the Book of Genesis.

Nadine Gordimer's most recent novel exemplifies this difficulty. Miss Gordimer enjoys a considerable reputation as a writer about contemporary South Africa. The opinions expressed in her books coincide with those of many of South Africa's critics, and since the latter are both numerous and vocal her books are always accorded serious consideration. Unfortunately, she is increasingly giving the message full rein, at the expense of the medium, and both the novel and the cause are less than well served in the process. While it is always difficult to reconcile the rival demands of politics and literature, Miss Gordimer's latest novel, *Burger's Daughter*, is a particularly disappointing attempt.

She has set out to write an account of the impact of South African life on the only daughter of a family that has

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dedicated itself unreservedly to the overthrow of white rule. Miss Gordimer sets the story of Rosa Burger—whose famous father, Lionel Burger, a dedicated Communist, dies in prison—within the context of actual political events: the banning of the Communist Party, Sharpeville and the subsequent arrests, the Soweto riots, and the October 1977 detentions. Lionel Burger's life closely resembles that of a famous South African lawyer, Abram Fischer, a member of an illustrious Afrikaner family who became a Communist in the 1930s and was imprisoned in the Sixties. Like Burger, Fischer died in prison. There is a similarity, also, in the two men's uncritical espousal of the Moscow line and their belief in the preordained workings of the Marxist dialectic. Both men felt passionately that Communism offered the only just resolution of the South African dilemma.

Rosa Burger grows up in an atmosphere where left-wing political activities are taken for granted. As a 14-year-old schoolgirl she visits her mother, who has been imprisoned for her revolutionary work. Later she takes messages and fake passports to other Party members. She does all this because it is expected of her, because it is regarded as one of the responsibilities of grown-up life, like going to work each day in town.

The theme of parental expectations is potentially powerful. Parents, deliberately or not, lay terrible burdens on their children. The burden of martyred parents is even harder to bear. And Rosa Burger's story takes place in a setting where the threat of bloodshed and race war is always present. Dealing with these themes is a formidable challenge, which Miss Gordimer is to be applauded for accepting even though she does not meet it.

In her recent books Miss Gordimer has been moving further away from the easy, natural, and observant style that first caught the public attention. As this novel shows, she has become intellectually self-conscious, and her characters have become humorless spouters of political and social comment. The result in the present case is a lifeless work that is more a Party manifesto than a searing portrayal of the terrible tensions between personal and political life that are so much a part of the twentieth century.

Miss Gordimer's Rosa Burger is not so much a person as an idea; so are her father, the black boy Baasie, and the enlightened Vermeulen. They are almost like symbolic masks in an old Greek play. Because these people never really exist for us, their fates leave us untouched. Rosa Burger at the end is imprisoned without trial for an indefinite period, and we really do not care, although we should.

Political novels are not inevitably doomed to failure. *Gulliver's Travels* is a scathing attack on eighteenth century politics, but, through its use of allegory and metaphor, it is also an engaging, imaginative work. Solzhenitsyn's *Cancer Ward* and *First Circle* are accounts of the horrors of the Soviet system; but, as V. S. Pritchett has pointed out, the philosophical and political debates in them are always cast in a lively form that functions to advance the story. *Burger's Daughter* is a far cry from such achievements. □

CRITICISM

Poison Penmanship: The Gentle Art of Muckraking
By Jessica Mitford
Knopf, 277 pp., $10

A MATTER OF MOTIVE

ELLEN WILSON

Poison Penmanship offers an introductory lesson on Muckraking Techniques (two suggestions: tap the trade journals of the industry whose muck you are raking, and advertise in the classifieds for abused patrons). And appended to each article is a Comment which takes us behind the scenes, revealing how the article was written, how it was published, whether it ever raised a ruckus or launched a reform drive. Besides, lots of the muck Miss Mitford unearths is satisfyingly dirty stuff: those morticians in "St. Peter, Don't You Call Me" are a rum bunch, all right, and that pseudo-chic restaurant on the Upper East Side was crying out for public obloquy.

Unhappily, the book should be more than that. It means to be, much of the time; but Miss Mitford appears ill at ease about her literary station in life, and vacillates between explorations of Ralph Nader territory (public-interest television programs, corruption in Big Business) and slight pieces on health spas patronized by blue-tinted Republican ladies. This irritating inconsistency of purpose upsets the gait of the book, interrupting the settled jog-trot of the comfortably third-rate. Thoughts, nay, Ideas enter the reader's mind, there to blossom into critical judgments for which the author has only herself to blame.

Miss Mitford gathers equipment for a major excavation only to pack up as soon as she has penetrated the first silt layer. Or rather, she dredges up the dirt but fails to perform the soil analysis. Fact after fact is carted out for our inspection, each requiring some moral response from us—a response which, in her solicitude for our welfare, Miss Mitford herself provides. But, like a teacher who sneaks exam answers to students who are in difficulty, she deprives us of being forced to make the cognitive links which would explain the logic of her association. Instead we are expected to salivate on command.

On one occasion she tracks down LBJ's motives for prosecuting Dr. Spock & Co. for violating the law in the course of their protests against the draft. Why them? she asks the prosecutor. "Because of their names and personalities," he replies. "We wouldn't have indicted them except for the fact that there was so much evidence available on film." Not much muck there, you might think, but listen to the Mitford Translation:

> So that was it. Dr. Spock and the others were offered up in unabashed response to political pressure. . . . The defense had suspected such grubby machinations, but confirmation from the chief prosecutor was an unexpected bonanza.

But *was* that it? Maybe, maybe not; but surely the QED is premature.

More troubling, because less debatable, are her suspicions about Coca-Cola's funding of Egyptian excavations. "Could it have something to do with the Arab blacklist [shades of old Joe!], to which the purveyors of this revolting beverage had been consigned as traders

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with Israel?" But—so what if it does? Why can't Coca-Cola play economics the way Andy Young plays politics? Assumption is not argument, nor is assertion proof.

But most disappointing of all—because most ambitious, and initially most promising—is a 1962 article on the progress of integration in the South. For five weeks Miss Mitford explored the dark underbelly of North America from the Border States to the Gulf, recording conversations and testing Winds of Change. The climax was a racist incident in Montgomery, Alabama, where local bigots besieged the church where Martin Luther King was speaking. Here Miss Mitford achieves a high-water mark in superficiality. She divides threatening whites and besieged blacks into champions of competing dress codes: whites in "faded cotton frocks revealing insect-bitten bare legs"; blacks featuring "dark-suited men, women in best dresses and flowered hats, little girls in party shoes." Okay—here we know who the good guys are; but white hat/black hat discriminations are risky: what happens in the mid- and late-Sixties when the faded-jeans set confronts "dark-suited" deans and college presidents on Vietnam and other good-guy issues? Wouldn't it be more prudent to take a look at what whites and blacks and college kids and deans are saying and thinking? (But here accents interpose; Miss Mitford "can only say that educated Southern blacks are indeed far more particular about their diction than are their white counterparts.")

But perhaps the fault lies more in Miss Mitford's chosen profession than in her practice of it. Perhaps muckraking owes its name as much to its superficiality, the comparative ease with which the material is extracted (open-pit rather than shaft mining), as to the unsavory subject matter. I don't minimize the labor: wrestling with obstinate witnesses; running leads to earth (a recurrent metaphor); shuffling notes into book or article shape; checking references. Still, how easy it seems, how conclusive the evidence and inevitable the conclusions, compared to a really knotty discussion of the media and First Amendment rights, or the extent to which consumer protection and individual rights are reconcilable, or the legitimate goals of the penal system. It seems there should be a way of accommodating both, but she has not yet found it, and she is not alone in her failure. Meanwhile, the muckrakers' chief contribution is the quantities of data and intimate intercorporate detail which collect like pools of stagnant water in their books and articles. It is left for the discriminating reader to separate information from prejudice.

Still, despite their residual usefulness, muckrakers seem largely to fail on their own terms, and surely it is their reluctance to argue, to confront issues as fearlessly as they confront evidence, which compromises their effectiveness. Is it just the absurdity of the American Death Industry which fuels Miss Mitford's investigative drive, or is it the appeal of that industry as a symbol for a truth about American society? Is the cash fraud in the Famous Writers School her main target, or the perfidy of the talents playing upon simple people's ambitions? Motivations remain submerged and so disturb rather than clarify our understanding. No wonder that muckraking so rarely produces social change: the vision remains largely personal or party-line, the energy seems excessive for the perceived object, and the whole undertaking leaves an enervating sensation of things unsaid, or said with an ulterior motive. The poison penmanship the author practices is supposed to be turned against her subject. But some of the poison infects the reader as well. □

ART

Romanticism
By Hugh Honour
Harper and Row, 415 pp., $25

LASHED TO THE MAST

RUTH BERENSON

Most of us know what is meant when a writer, a composer, or an artist is labeled "Romantic." Whether as a mood, as a way of thinking, seeing, and reacting to life, or as an historical period, Romanticism has become a firmly established concept—an essential, really, of our critical vocabulary, even though nobody has yet succeeded in formulating a satisfactory definition of it.

In his book on Romanticism, the distinguished English art historian Hugh Honour wisely begs the question. Going on the generally accepted assumption that, in the visual arts, Romanticism began with "the rejection of the Rococo in the mid-eighteenth century and ended with the emergence of Realism in the mid-nineteenth," he adopts A. O. Lovejoy's eminently useful suggestion that there was not one Romanticism but many; the artistic movement that arose in France in opposition to the Classicism of David and Ingres (which, until recently, most critics, taking their cue from the French themselves, have considered the only Romanticism worth talking about) was but one of them.

ROMANTICISM IN the arts was international in scope, multifaceted, and full of contradictions. In general, Romantic artists tended to glorify the uniqueness of the individual and to be concerned with emotion rather than reason. Apart from that, however, they had little in common with one another. Earlier styles like Gothic or Baroque developed more or less logically and achieved a certain homogeneity, but Romantic art lacks both stylistic uniformity and logical development; the "linear progress," as Mr. Honour calls it, by which artists tend to build their work on the achievements of their immediate predecessors, is conspicuously missing.

These factors account for Romanticism's complexity and help explain why, with all the books on individual masters and on Romanticism in various countries pouring from the presses, so few writers have tried tackling the whole movement—and none so successfully as Mr. Honour. Focusing neither on the chronology of Romantic art nor on the biographies of its representatives, he treats its subject matter; for, however much they differed from one another stylistically, Romantic artists possessed a common *Weltanschauung*. This reveals itself, for instance, in their attitude to nature and to landscape art, so different from that of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Poussin and his descendants saw nature as wild, un-

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tamed; their duty as artists was to impose order upon it. To the Romantics, however, all nature was a manifestation of God, sacred and not to be tampered with—although they differed in how they demonstrated this. To the German painter Caspar David Friedrich, trees, rocks, sunlight, and moonlight were all religious symbols, and his paintings preached a moral. Turner, on the other hand, saw God's power in nature's extremes; he lashed himself to a ship's mast to experience the fury of a storm first hand. His contemporary Constable, meanwhile, found evidence of God's goodness in the fertile fields of his native East Anglia and felt no need for wider vistas.

At once learned and literate, Mr. Honour is well versed in the philosophy and literature of the period and can discern commonalities between figures whose works, looked at superficially, seem widely contrasting. In his chapter on architecture (which he titles "Frozen Music," a phrase originated by the German poet von Schelling), he treats not only buildings but the hitherto little-noticed Romantic aspects of those arch-representatives of Classicism, the sculptors Canova and Thorwaldsen; similar insights mark his descriptions of the Gothic revival and of the use of art as propaganda in the service of political liberalism and revolution, a practice born in this period. In his final chapter, "The Mysterious Way," he explores Romanticism's preoccupation with religion, its fascination with dreams and visions; and he brings those singular geniuses, Goya and Blake, into spiritual relation with one another.

This reviewer would register a single if perhaps questionable *caveat*: the author has a tendency to neglect those artists of the period who do not fit into his subject categories because of their perverse refusal to be concerned with anything but the here and now. They were, of course, premature Realists, representatives of the trend which by mid-century would relegate Romanticism to history's dust heap, and they existed everywhere. Biedermeier painters and the young Adolf Menzel in Germany; Wilkie, Morland, Mulready in England; Boilly, Bertin, the Barbizon landscapists in France—all consciously rejected most of the assumptions of Romanticism. Except for Menzel, none were major artists, but their existence at the time when that movement was in full bloom testifies to the fact that it was less all-embracing than Mr. Honour implies. Still, one can hardly fault him for sticking to his subject, especially since he does so with such knowledge and insight. His book is a must for anyone interested in nineteenth century art. □

FRIVOLITIES

LOOKING BACKWARD

JOHN SIMON

The 1980s were not one of your great movie decades. Nevertheless, they yielded such major sequels as *Godfather LXVII*, *Apocalypse Then* (the fifth film made from the outtakes of the original), *Rocky III*, and *Jaws IV*. The last two were really the same movie in different versions. In both of them, Rocky and the shark fight it out, tooth and fist, to the death; except that in *Jaws IV* the shark eats Rocky, whereas in *Rocky III*, Rocky and his friends eat the shark. There were also a few noteworthy prequels, in particular *Young King Kong*, in which a nymphet is exposed to the nascent lust of the still puerile superape.

No less notable were some remakes, the most shattering of which was *Brief Encounter 2001*, in which a male and a female astronaut snatch bittersweet moments of extraterrestrial extramarital bliss in a space station while waiting for their respective spacecrafts bound for different galaxies. A somewhat less innovative remake was that of *Nightmare Alley*, saved, however, by the brilliant performance of Frank Perdue as the Geek. Extremely original, though in somewhat questionable taste, was *Dreckula*, wherein an undead coprophagist terrorizes the Transylvanian ghetto. Tremendously moving, and with a nice contemporary twist to boot, was the remake of *Waterloo Bridge* entitled *Golden Gate Gaieties*; in it, a sensitive young San Franciscan becomes a male whore under the mistaken impression that his lover perished in Vietnam. Especially effective was the casting against type of John and Joey Travolta. Similarly updated was the new, disaster-epic version of *Gone with the Wind*, whose most memorable scene was the burning of Peachtree Plaza.

There were also a few distinguished film biographies, foremost among them *The Halston Story*, with Lily Tomlin in the title role and Lorna Luft giving a plausible impersonation of Liza Minnelli, who had to drop out of the movie for reasons of health. Worth mentioning also is *The Barbara Cook Story* (the title had to be changed from *So Big* after the Edna Ferber estate threatened to bring suit), with the voice of Miss Cook on the soundtrack, although she is portrayed—in a very substantial performance—by Elizabeth Taylor. Somewhat disappointing was *You're a Good Man, Jimmy Carter*, the story of the Carter family and friends told in terms of the characters in the *Peanuts* cartoon. But perhaps it was unavoidable that liberties be taken with the accents so as to make them universally comprehensible.

This film, however, belongs properly to the realm of absurdist comedy with serious overtones, a genre that also gave us *The Deer Stalkers*, a powerful satire by the *National Lampoon*, in which the

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top American Russian-roulette team goes to Vietnam to challenge the top Asiatic team to a world championship bout.

In the musical field, the most deserving entry was *Discount Disco*, based on the story of how Studio 54 was saved by being reduced to Studio 29.99. Unfortunately, the film suffers from Sylvester Stallone's overintellectualizing the part of Steve Rubell.

As was to be expected, the decade's most towering achievements came from the American Ingmar Bergman, as Woody Allen used to be called before Ingmar Bergman got to be known as the Swedish Woody Allen. Allen gave us both the most searing drama and the most rollicking comedy of the Eighties. In the drama, entitled *Winter Blight*, Woody Allen starred as a New England Episcopal minister struggling with God's silence. In the comedy, entitled *Winter Blight*, Allen starred as a New England Episcopal minister struggling with the silence of God. Especially memorable was the scene in which God's silence is finally broken by a string of one-liners. □

POPES

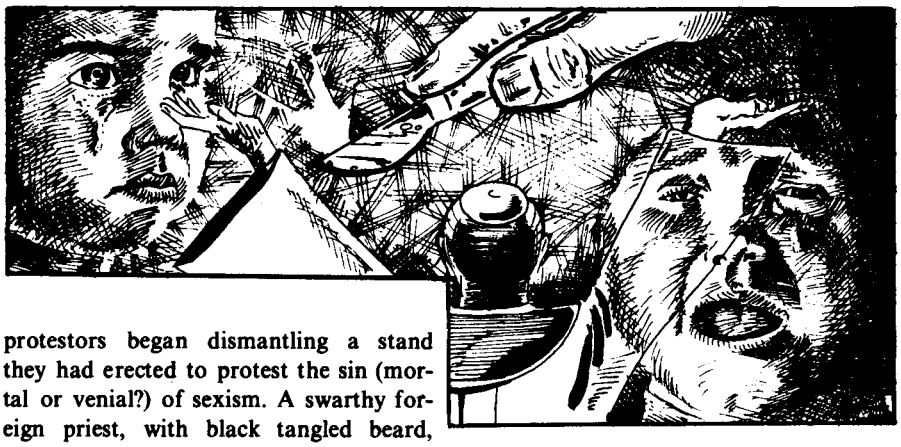
MASS ON THE MALL

JOSEPH SOBRAN

I took my two older children—Kent, 13, and Vanessa, 12—to Washington for the October 7 Mass on the Mall, but the only good look at the Pope we got came the day before. We arrived on Saturday afternoon and joined the crowd on Pennsylvania Avenue waiting to see him come away from the White House. We easily found a place on the curb—the crowd was that thin. But I let Vanessa sit on my shoulders to make her even more visible than her bumblebee-striped shirt already made her.

He came within thirty feet of us, looking craggier than in his pictures but just as genial. Vanessa insisted later that he had cupped his hand as he waved our way in response to her cupping *her* hand, individualizing his greeting in a split second.

He passed quickly, cruising among the temples of modern bureaucracy. The crowd dissolved. Some feminist



protestors began dismantling a stand they had erected to protest the sin (mortal or venial?) of sexism. A swarthy foreign priest, with black tangled beard, was wearing a button that said, "Start ordaining women—or stop baptizing them." One woman handed me a flier and said kindly, "This explains what we're trying to do." Another woman gave me another flier. She had a strange combination of garments on and I took her for some sort of nun, but she turned out to be a Seventh Day Adventist warning against a collusion between John Paul II and Edward Kennedy. The idea was to turn the country Catholic, the most enlightened program yet associated with the name of Kennedy.

Two newlywed friends of mine put us up for the night, and we had beer and pizza and salad and homemade ice cream, and argued gloriously together against enemies who, luckily for them, weren't there. And so to bed.

We were up before dawn and at the Mall by nine. Thousands of people had arrived before us (some had camped there overnight) and occupied hundreds of feet of space between ourselves and the huge altar. We staked out our own territory and settled down in a bright sun with a slight chill. The sun left; the chill stayed. By noon it looked like rain.

The crowd, where we were, was subdued. The whole number was only about a third of the 600,000 predicted. It was hard to tell who was Catholic and who was just curious.

Myself, I'm an on-again, off-again Catholic. Lately I have been on again. This Pope is part of the reason. His constancy in a life of sacrifice and peril both shames and inspires one who has wavered between God and fun. Now he has emerged from the trials of Poland to tell Catholics in the West that their sacrifices matter. The faithful here—scorned and ignored by the cultural interpreters who dominate public opinion—feel recalled to life. And there must be many like me, to whom the word "faithful" hardly applies, who are moved to rejoin them. It is as if the Church and some of her marginal members have come out of retirement together.

At three o'clock the waiting became a countdown. A priest stepped to the microphone at the altar to lead the saying of the rosary. The crowd stood as if unanimously Catholic and chanted rumbling responses. One felt a sudden sense of imminence.

When John Paul II arrived there were no hysterics, not even much excitement, just a massive intentness. Mass began swiftly. It seemed less a meeting than a reunion.

The sermon came over the loudspeakers in solemn Slavic cadences that made me think of *Ivan the Terrible*. It was strange to hear those sounds in Washington, headquarters of the New Class that reshapes American life during the week and spends Sundays in the suburbs. Here was a different class of people, profaning earth consecrated (so Madalyn O'Hair insists) to undefiled secularity.

ALL WEEK long John Paul's speeches had been getting nearer and nearer the heart of Catholic doctrine. Now, in his final address, he was saying the things even most of the faithful shrink from saying openly, even when they believe them in their heart of hearts.

"And so, we will stand up every time that human life is threatened.

"When the sacredness of life before birth is attacked, we will stand up and proclaim that no one ever has the authority to destroy unborn life."

Every *r* was an obstacle; every *i* prolonged, so that words like Christ and

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life seemed to have two syllables—a felicitous emphasis.

"When the child is described as a burden or is looked upon only as a means to satisfy an emotional need, we will stand up and insist that every child is a unique and unrepeatable *gift of God*"—his voice rising with plangent conviction.

This was the part of the sermon liberal voices would take as the "hard stuff," dogmatic Catholicism at its worst. And clearly John Paul had not crossed the ocean to recant on behalf of his Church. But I was glad Kent and Vanessa were hearing it, hoping they would understand what he was saying about them, about the children they will have: that children must never be subordinated or sacrificed to lesser goods.

HEDONISM HAS ITS own prudery, ashamed not of vice but of virtue. I have never understood why people are so resistant to conceding anything to the Church's position on birth control: in my unbelieving days it was one of the things that made sense to me, since it was not involved with supernatural allegations. One reason there are so many teenage pregnancies is that young people sense, whatever their elders say, that the act of love, even when illicit, is somehow corrupted by selfish calculation. Margaret Sanger has become a secular saint, but in her day she aroused nearly universal indignation, offending a sense of fitness few will now admit they possess. Why are the *liberals* so inflexible on contraception?

John Paul was speaking the very nearly unspeakable, defying worldly authorities as truly as he ever did in Poland. These were words that were worth crossing an ocean to utter. No doubt they came as a rebuke even to many of the faithful, and I was gladder than I had a right to be at hearing them. But even those Catholics who disobey the Church aren't necessarily defying her. Most of them know they are part of the world too, and they need, even in their weakness, to know they can turn to someone who stands apart from that world, speaking to it rather than with it. I felt less that he was infallible than that he was right. Even if I were still an atheist I would have felt it awesome there, in the capital of enlightened wheeling and dealing, to hear the voice of an ancient order in which things do not, finally, submit to manipulation. □

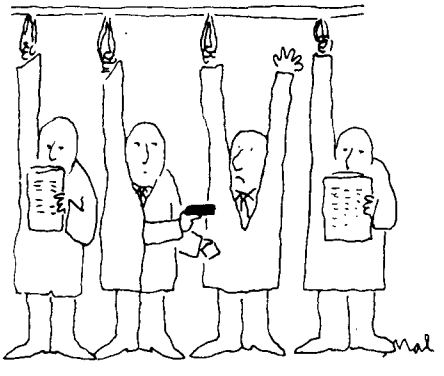
The GIMLET EYE

THE GAY BEAUTY PAGEANT

D. KEITH MANO

Fifty-four hitchhikers wait on stage: not a reproductive sperm among them. They stand still at cruising speed, these *hommes fatals*: thumb in denim belt loop, crotch wide, pelvis goosed out. One will be *Blueboy* magazine's 1979 Man of the Year—if that title isn't oxymoronic. The kind of guy you see on a cigarette billboard: handsome and virile and aloof: also very gay. It's enough to make me give up tobacco. Their lovemaking must be vehement, athletic: even hazardous, I think.

The Felt Forum is one-third full: four thousand or so here at $25 per unisexed head. These are *such* clean, exquisite people: Dick Tracy jaw line, Smilin' Jack nose, Li'l Abner bod. Jacket over shoulder; maybe one discreet tattoo. A lot of fine leather is worn: boots, apparently, are code footwear. Your older man is tan, robust: grey hair hoar-frosts chest. I feel like I've been sentenced to a *Times* clothing supplement. Everyone is, well, decorous. And simply diseased with good health: I guess it's easier to stay in shape when you have a man-wife. Health and height: I am looked down on. Is there a correlation between tallness and homosexuality? One row in front of me two personable cowboys kiss: mustache is combing mustache: overhead the kiss will be copied by their Stetson brims. I glance away. To me it seems wasteful. If I looked half that good, I wouldn't squander myself on men.



The first article I wrote for *NR*, more than eight years ago, was an investigative piece about gay lib at Columbia. I still remember them: in 1971 the attractive and outspoken gay was exceptional. They were obese or acne-blown or 200-200 myopic: a queerness, yes, distinguished them. The Columbia gays hadn't come out of the closet: rather, I thought, they had been forcibly expelled from it. One could understand why a heterosexual free market wouldn't demand them. Nonetheless these sad gays led the revolution: to do so—to be visible—they were explicitly inverted. Soft wrist; lispy phoneme; a general uncoordinatedness. But revolutions disavow their primal leadership. Now they've been cut dead by the attractive, "normal" gay: a gay who—so to speak—loathes fags. (In one sense this has been so from the start: gay porn, for instance, has never featured queens—just hunky, rough-trade men.) The *Blueboy* readership is the *Playboy* readership seen from underneath: middle-class, successful, "straight": and, leaving sexual preference aside, primarily conservative.

YOU CAN PUT *Blueboy* in your, ha, diversified portfolio: the magazine went public a short while ago. Already its president/publisher, Donald Embinder, has the Hefner urge: to be bourgeois and affluent. (Imagine six dozen Blueboy key clubs with all-male rabbitry.) Half the non-fiction text could appear in *Redbook*; centerfold beefcake is perfunctory: Donatello's *David* would be a more offensive pin-up. And this Felt Forum meat show (ten grand first prize) is meant to ape Playmate of the Year. Hefner, though, would never have permitted such draggletail production values: the show is about as exciting as an empty can of Locker Room. I nap through one hour-long intermission; through stagehands bungling in their own dim Feydeau farce; through the entire, um, business-suit competition. For fun I prefer a vestry meeting.

Each contestant has been sponsored by his or her neighborhood gay bar. (Right, Cynthia, there are cruise joints in Omaha: even in, God, Biloxi—where they probably haven't built a bookstore yet.) And now, now—what you've all been waiting for—the swimsuit competition. Twelve finalists (culled by Andy Warhol and other folk with a nice eye for this sort of thing) begin their run-

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way parade. Loud taurine booing: the Embinder-issue swim apparel is absurd: it looks like a diaper stolen from Mahatma Gandhi: no genital definition at all: a gay deceiver. But the participants are welcomed genially. Most seem bashful and what-do-I-do-next? uncertain: there is no gesture lexicon for a gay beauty pageant. Some try modest Mr. Universe posing. Others tease: they caress a buttock, stick head in armpit coyly. Jo LoPresti (first runner-up) has soused his hair with water: he will shake it out at the audience. Ruttish and boisterous appreciation: Marines on Guadalcanal wolf-whistling Dorothy Lamour in a USO roadshow.

And what is the standard for gay pulchritude? I will only surmise: the whole subject disconcerts me more than somewhat. I mean, how can one sex judge itself without indulging in a kind of surrogate narcissism? Or self-spite? But maybe that's what homosexuality is in part: ego wooing. From the empirical evidence, though: you should have 1) a pectoral ridge which—when T-shirted—can approximate some sort of epicene bustline. And 2) your behind had better be aggressive. (An issue of *Blueboy* will carry bun ads, the way an issue of *Cosmopolitan* will carry bust ads: "Contourex . . . new exercise system to give you tighter, shapelier buns . . . Studies have shown that men react positively to *both* an attractive face and a firm ass." Well, there you have it. Studies paid for by HEW, I suppose.) Swimmer-boyishness is much prized. Arnold Schwartzenegger would come in 54th here: Warhol et al. eliminate the iron-squeezers right away. And those who tease. Bluemen don't like having their feminine traits announced: not in public at least.

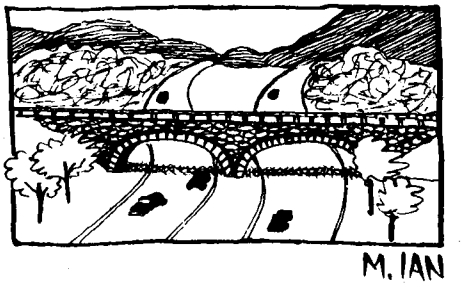
And the winnah is: Brian David Tinkham. A popular choice: just twenty, blond, winsome, shy, slim. In the great American tradition Brian weeps for us. Each tear is sparkly and fluent. Afterward he will introduce his lover: a sideburn-greying middle-aged man. "No," Brian tells the interviewer, "I won't pose nude. I have a successful modeling career in Boston. I'll use my prize money to buy a house." Could his response be more conservative? Even though it's like reading Edmund Burke in a mirror.

Give *Blueboy* until, say, 1995 to piano-tune its act: by then NBC will be carrying Man of the Year and a strong Nielsen score with it. Maybe they can even get Bert Parks. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

FRANCIS BACON, *by John Russell (Oxford, 175 plates, 192 pp., $12.95).* When I saw my first Francis Bacon in 1948—the Museum of Modern Art's frightening Mussolini-faced butcher under an umbrella in front of a "crucifixion" of slaughtered beasts—I felt as many must have felt: that here at last was an artist with the imagination to symbolize what the world had just passed through and (perhaps) even to transcend that nightmarish experience. Now, thirty years older, and a much better painter, Bacon treats essentially the same theme. Expanded—or compressed and generalized, if you like—to include not merely war and fascism but crime, sexual perversion, and what Conrad called "the heart of darkness," that theme in no way transcends all that is corrupt in our world. To the Establishment critic—and John Russell, late of London and now of the *New York Times*, is one of the best of them—this is irrelevant. Our world *is* decadent, *is* increasingly corrupt, *is* tending toward murderous anarchy, *is* sliding on the grease of its accumulated wealth and fat to inevitable self-destruction. So Bacon is simply telling the truth about his times, in painterly terms, with the same intense "objectivity" as, say, Velasquez was in *his* times. By the same token it would be irrelevant for Russell to tell us anything significant about Bacon's life—to try to explain what makes him focus so relentlessly on deliquescence and horror, why joy, grace, compassion, hope have no place in his psyche. To do so would be to have reservations about whether Bacon's art expresses the whole truth. Neither artist nor critic has any such reservations. SELDEN RODMAN

IN GUILT AND IN GLORY, *by David Hanly (Morrow, 323 pp., $10.95).* A romp through Ireland's countryside and cities (with plenty of time spent ducking into a pub for a pint) by an American television team and their Irish escorts offers a modest, and often amusing, portrait of Ireland in the late 1970s. This novel—Hanly's first—is not full of the familiar peat, porter, and other stock items of nostalgic books on Ireland. What it is full of is talk—and pretty serious stuff at that. The Northern Ireland question gets talked about, as does the clash between the simple ways of old Ireland and the complexities (and shallowness) of the new. We hear the pros and cons concerning industry, history, education, emigration, the Roman Catholic Church, politics, civil service, the dole, the IRA, sex, young people, aesthetics, writing, painting, etc. It is, in all, a very balanced report. However, there is virtually no characterization in the novel—only props to convey dialogue, which has its glorious moments: a priest explaining why he is leaving the Church; a young man from Northern Ireland making a passionate speech concerning the plight of the Catholic minority in Ulster; a novelist disclosing that he cannot manage to keep pace with the new Ireland. In fact, all the talk among the Irish is quite good, often humorous, although somewhat predictable. As Hanly says at one point in the novel, the Irish love words. This has been a blessing which has given us some of the best poetry, fiction, and drama in the English language. Hanly's novel attempts the best, though it falls short by being filled with too much empty space. But because of the moments when Hanly is so good in this novel, I look forward to his next. THOMAS BRIDGES



ENERGY OR EXTINCTION, *by Fred Hoyle (Heinemann, 81 pp., $3.50, paperback).* On a recent *Today* show, Jane Pauley professed amazement at a poll showing that 42 per cent of the American people believe solar power will make significant contributions to our energy needs within the next five years. Why her surprise? After all, the media have continually lauded the virtues of solar power, never bothering to stress the technical hurdles still to be overcome. Thanks to such shortsighted reporting, most Americans find the energy crisis incomprehensible—somehow related to a conspiracy of big business and politics. Fred Hoyle, a noted British scientist, analyzes the technical aspects of the energy problem and explains them for the nontechnical reader. First, he calculates *world* energy needs: in addition to the needs of the developed countries, he considers the needs of the underdeveloped countries if their people are to raise their living standards above the subsistence level. Then he analyzes the capacity of all known sources (coal, solar, nuclear, etc.) to produce this needed energy. Hoyle's conclusion: Nuclear energy is "the only alternative energy source presently known to be technically viable." Unless we fully exploit it, we face the extinction of modern civilization. In the face of the Pennsylvania accident, this is not a universally popular conclusion, although re-

(Continues on page 1513)

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

ASKED TO NAME a major issue on which the liberal-Left is *not* in favor of civil liberties, knowledgeable students of our politics would probably answer, "gun control."

In general, that answer would be correct. Numerous liberals who take a strict-constructionist posture concerning the First Amendment assume a directly contrary stance toward the Second Amendment language guaranteeing "the right of the people to keep and bear arms." On this subject, the normative position of the liberal-Left is in favor of tougher regulation, up to and including the confiscation of handguns—justified by reasoning the relevant constitutional safeguards into oblivion.

Now, however, it develops that there is an undercurrent of liberal opinion that runs in favor of gun ownership, and against the regulatory fervor of liberal spokesmen in the Congress. This view is expressed in *Restricting Handguns: The Liberal Skeptics Speak Out* (Caroline House, Ottawa, Ill. 61350; $6.95), and backed up by persuasive argument. Editor Don B. Kates Jr., a civil-rights activist and lawyer, has assembled a cogent group of essays by liberal writers examining the historical, constitutional, and practical dimensions of gun control.

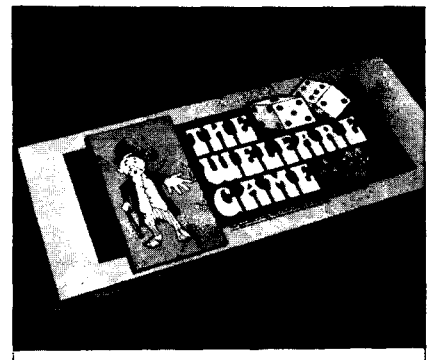
Among other things, these authors point out that gun-control laws, in this country and elsewhere, were originally meant to ensure that oppressed classes had no effectual means of resistance; that such restrictions are of questionable constitutional validity; that they have had no demonstrable effect in restraining crime; and that there is substantial reason for believing pervasive gun control contributes to crime, rather than curtailing it.

The last-named point rests on a truism: since criminals intent on robbing or killing are not likely to be squeamish about getting illegal guns, the principal result of gun control must be to disarm the law-abiding. The authors draw empirical support for this deduction from the workings of New York's Sullivan Law; dramatic reduction in crime rates where citizens are known to own, and be trained in the use of, firearms; and employment of firearms by women susceptible to assault or rape. A gun in the hand of the intended victim, says women's liberationist Carol Ruth Silver, has cooled the ardor of many a would-be rapist.

That gun control infringes popular freedom in fact as well as constitutional theory is the burden of *The BATF's War on Civil Liberties* (Second Amendment Foundation, 1601 114th St. S.E., Bellevue, Wash. 98004; $4), a report on asserted abuses of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, which has responsibility for enforcing federal gun restrictions. Author David T. Hardy (also a contributor to *Restricting Handguns*) recounts a series of horror stories concerning alleged intrusions by agents of BATF on the rights of numerous citizens.

INCLUDED ON the list of cited infractions are entrapment of people led to believe a gun transaction is legal through "straw-man" purchases or ambiguities concerning who is or is not a dealer, arrest and conviction for dealing in non-lethal devices, prejudicial publicity, etc. The author charges practices of this type have been resorted to as a means of pumping up BATF confiscation figures; and while it would be interesting to see the agency's response (official spokesmen refused to review and comment on Hardy's report), the author presents a powerful *prima facie* case of civil liberties abuse.

Similar charges are lodged, in more polemical and popularized fashion, in Morgan Norval's *Take My Gun if You Dare* (Desert Publications, Cornville, Ariz. 86325; $9.95). Norval rehearses several "straw-man" episodes, seizures of guns from collectors, and entrapment techniques assertedly used by BATF. He predicts and counsels resistance to legalized confiscation—a prospect that, in itself, should act as a deterrent to would-be gun-controllers. □



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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

BACHELOR, 49, lives South America, travels on business to Europe, USA, and Middle East, summers Idaho mountain lake, seeks intelligent, unattached, compatible female, 25-40, as companion on US visits and foreign travel. He is just to the right of Attila The Hun; avoids discotheques and night clubs; likes opera, books, hunting and outdoors, food, wine, painting from Vermeer to Wyeth. Dislikes anti-nukes, peace marchers, and most environmentalists. Potentially compatible companion please write to NR Box 3245.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

FREDERIC BASTIAT:

The Law

Life, liberty, and property do not exist because men have made laws. On the contrary, it was the fact that life, liberty, and property existed beforehand that caused men to make laws in the first place.

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1510)

cent polls indicate most people still support alternative nuclear strategies, he also discusses nuclear energy relative to other energy systems in terms of safety and health. Speaking geopolitically, Hoyle says the Soviet Union's agitation in the Middle East and Africa is part of a "world struggle for energy" which, if won, will take them a giant step closer to winning the struggle for the world. In Hoyle's opinion, the anti-nuclear movement in the West aids that struggle. RONALD KLUEP

THE FUTURE OF BUSINESS REGULATION, *by Murray L. Weidenbaum (Amacon, 183 pp., $12.95).* This book can be read as an extended commentary on Justice Douglas' admonition, duly quoted, that the might and the power of the Federal Government have no equal, and that men of good will are constantly inventing, from a sense of urgency, new and different bureaucratic procedures that have an awful effect upon a free society. Professor Weidenbaum has produced a powerful polemic that avoids apoplectic ideology (which he leaves to his intellectual antagonists) and states a case for regulating the regulators that is cool, knowledgeable, and witty. Even so, the stories he tells are somber enough, and his calculus of the quadruple impact of regulation is worthy of Schumpeter. Nonetheless, Weidenbaum ends on an upbeat, take-your-choice prevision of things to come; especially heartening is his proposed five-point counteroffensive, which ranges from merely minding the store to de-imperializing the corporate presidency. All in all, a superb performance flawed only by a naïve appeal to the federal bureaucracy that it cease and desist what it has been doing so well and so successfully.

GERALD T. DUNNE

ROSS MACDONALD, *by Jerry Speir (Ungar, 192 pp., $9.95; paperback, $3.95).* The critics seem finally to have "discovered" Ross Macdonald. This is the second book in the past three years to analyze the gifted creator of Lew Archer, private detective, and it should not be the last. For a novelist who manages at one and the same time to blend classical influence with contemporary nuance, weave an intelligently intricate tale that is economical in prose yet rich in detail, and appeal to a catholic readership numbering in the millions is a national resource worthy of celebration. Though Raymond Chandler groused about his competitor's artistic pretensions, Eudora Welty speaks glowingly of Macdonald's style, which, she says, fuses a "delicate tension" to produce "an almost unbroken series of sparkling pictures." The *New York Times* has declared his work "the finest ... ies of detective novels ever written by an American." Trust the *Times* on this one. Jerry Speir's crisp analysis explains the alchemy that makes Macdonald's protagonist one of the most engaging sleuths ever to take us along on a case. Be forewarned that the book gives plot synopses and reveals several story endings. Therefore Speir should be consulted as a reference by those who have already been captivated by the mastery of Macdonald. ALAN L. MILLER

THE LAST OF THE SCOTTSBORO BOYS, *by Clarence Norris and Sybil D. Washington (Putnam's, 281 pp., $10.95).* The Scottsboro case set off, in 1931, a decade of protest against the Jim Crow court system of the South. Nine Negro youths were accused of rape by two white women and convicted, despite the recantation by one of the women and a lack of medical evidence that a rape had indeed occurred. The U.S. Supreme Court overturned their first two convictions on the grounds that they had had inadequate defense counsel and that the systematic exclusion of Negroes from the Alabama grand jury system had prevented them from enjoying a fair trial. In the last trial, five were found guilty, four were set free. The author of the present book, Clarence Norris, was the only one to receive a death sentence. (He was finally pardoned by Governor Wallace.) Sporadically throughout the history of the case fairness was achieved, as when Circuit Judge James Horton voided convictions and ordered a new trial (he was defeated at the next election), yet there are remarkably few heroes anywhere in this episode. Lawyers for the Communist-led International Labor Defense attempted to bribe the woman who would not recant. The Scottsboro Boys themselves were more seedy than noble: one of them was later found guilty of manslaughter in Michigan, a second slashed a jailer's throat in Alabama, still another murdered his wife. Norris once knifed his own wife and was arrested "so many times I lost count." The book is an interesting but uneven study of a landmark case. DAVID PIETRUSZA

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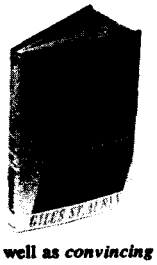

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One More Time

On The Right

Château-Thierry, France, Oct. 24—On May 27, 1918, the German army of Kaiser Wilhelm mounted an offensive fifty miles northeast of Paris designed to overwhelm the Allied forces, conquer Paris, and win the war. They were stopped, but a deep salient was held, the spearpoint of which was Belleau Wood. Freshly arrived American troops were hurled against this salient, the Wood was reconquered, the Germans driven back, regrouping for the July 15 offensive that failed, giving the Allies the armistice of November 11. By the side of Belleau Wood is a cemetery comprising 2,800 graves of U.S. marines and infantrymen, less than half those killed in that single engagement. On the monument is written, "TIME WILL NOT DIM THE GLORY OF THEIR DEEDS," which is something we might put down as "battlefield prose." Valedictorians at U.S. high schools have never even heard of Belleau Wood. We lost 53,000 men in World War I, to protect Europe from a hegemony dominated by a grandson of Queen Victoria. Fifty-three thousand dead is a lot of dead Americans, but in fact we were only warming up for the Second World War To Rescue European Diplomacy From Itself. In that war, U.S. casualties came to 292,000. For reasons not instantly persuasive, we suddenly find that the strongest argument coming from the Administration in favor of SALT II is that if we don't ratify it, Europe will refuse to deploy U.S. weapons designed to protect Europe.

It does sound preposterous put that way, so let us attempt to compress their arguments in the most favorable light. They go as follows: if we do not sign SALT II, the Russians will MIRV up their European-aimed SS-20 missiles from their present strength (about two thousand) to a projected 3,500 by mid-1985.

Now (the Europeans are saying) we want to get on with the business of denuclearizing the European theater. But that can only come after we achieve some kind of limitation on strategic weapons: and that means, SALT II. If you Americans don't get on with SALT II, how can we get on with SALT III?—so sour will East-West relations be.

What the Europeans threaten is to decline to deploy the cruise missiles and ballistic nuclear missiles (about six hundred) which are otherwise scheduled to be put in place over the next few years. The reasoning is that to proceed with such missiles might strike the Soviets as provocative, and to provoke the Soviets is a much more dangerous thing than to enfeeble Europe. Senator Nunn, contemplating the arguments of the Administration, put it very well: "Over the long term, I don't think the American people will continue to support an alliance that has to be convinced on most occasions to take steps to defend itself."

It is difficult to see how one can express the dilemma (if we agree to SALT, we perpetuate a critical Soviet advantage; if we don't, we threaten the Western alliance) other than by acknowledging that if it is correct—i.e., if those are the only alternatives—then, in fact, the Soviet Union has begun to assert control over European politics. And will continue to do so, giving an extradimensional meaning to Lenin's fabled arrival at the Finland Station in 1917. The Finlandization of Europe is a development that has been warned against, and predicted, for 25 years. It is on the verge of happening.

NOW, IT MIGHT have been otherwise, and even now it could change. If Mr. Carter, a year ago, had deployed the neutron bomb; and the year before that, authorized the Defense Department to proceed with the B-1 bomber, European leaders would arrive at the next NATO conference in December with knees less wobbly. Even so, if Hitler had been stopped at the Rhineland, he would never have strutted into Paris. No doubt much of Europe was demoralized by Henry Kissinger's recent speech in which he confessed the truth of the matter, namely that the United States would not likely hostage one hundred million Americans in return for the safety of Europe: other trade-offs must be sought out, the only obvious one being preparation to successfully resist land war in Europe. In which the critical battle, one would hope, would take place somewhere east of Château-Thierry.

Europeans should be advised that American senators planning to vote against SALT are not to be likened to those isolationists who voted against the League of Nations. Senators of this breed —Baker, Nunn, Garn, Hollings, Tower, to name a few—are sophisticated men; men who have done their homework; men committed to taking every reasonable step to defend Europe; men who genuinely believe that the Soviet Union, if this treaty is rejected, will in fact acquiesce in a new treaty that makes sense. Sense here defined as sense for the West, as well as for the Communists. □

OIL: BESIDE THE POINT

New York, Oct. 26—The word is that Iran and Libya (which by the way why doesn't somebody do away with it?) have announced a rise in the oil price, and the probability is that before the end of the year the OPEC nations will consolidate on a higher price level. We are left, as usual, without countervailing policy, and it is disappointing that the Republican contenders have not been more articulate in the matter. The endless silence of Governor Ronald Reagan on most issues is, we are reassured, soon to end: and what he says, and what John Connally says, may be a measure of the seriousness with which each is considered by the uncommitted political community.

Meanwhile, we are lost in an abyss of recrimination, of which an example was recently given in the *New York Times*. On September 14, the front page story was headlined, "GAO STUDY ASSERTS/THAT OIL COMPANIES/WORSENED SHORTAGE . . . *Cut in Output of Crude Cited . . . Congressional Agency Dubious on Bad-Weather Explanation*." The lead sentence was straightforward: "The General Accounting Office, the investigative arm of Congress, asserted today that American oil companies had aggravated last spring's petroleum shortage by cutting production of crude oil within the United States last fall and winter, while imports from Iran were disrupted."

One may be sure that that is probably about as deep into the story as the professional critics of the oil companies got. The background was this: Senator Henry Jackson, who watches Soviet missiles and American oil companies with about equal vigilance and suspicion, asked the GAO to report whether U.S. oil companies opportunized on the scarcity that grew out of the civil war in Iran. The GAO

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issued a report, summarized in the flamboyant headlines above, and most Americans tuned out, convinced that the oil companies, wallowing in their obscene profits, had once again taken the American people.

Two days later, the *Times*, about as shamefaced as it ever gets, reported in its headline, "TIMES MISINTERPRETED/U.S. AGENCY'S REPORT/ON PRODUCTION OF OIL." And lo, it transpires that the GAO a) did report that there was a reduction in domestic oil output; b) did remark that there usually is a reduction in domestic oil output during the winter season; c) did opine that the reasons for the reduction were not clearly correlated to distinctive problems of cold weather: but d) concluded that in fact there was no conclusive evidence that the oil companies (it turns out to have been only two of them) were guilty of anything.

"The [American Petroleum] Institute's statement," the *New York Times* reported, "also said that the article in the *Times* overlooked a 'basic conclusion' in the report that the 'GAO found no evidence that the oil companies created the U.S. crude oil shortage.'" To put the matter in exact perspective, the *Times* weighed in with what in days gone by we used to call the whole enchilada. Take a deep breath and read the following:

"That phrase, which was not included in the *Times* article, was part of a longer sentence in the federal report that read: 'Although GAO found no evidence that these U.S. companies had created the oil shortage in the U.S., several situations developed as a result of, or concurrent with, the reduction of Iranian petroleum exports which further tightened U.S. crude oil supplies.' Among the 'situations' cited in the GAO report was the 'unusual decrease' in domestic production." That paragraph will get you an indictment of the oil companies from John Kenneth Galbraith, the *Village Voice*, and Senator Metzenbaum.

WHY SHOULD we not, on the eve of a national debate about energy policy and OPEC, try to clear the air? To that end, I submit the following axioms:

1. Oil companies in the United States will attempt to get as much money as they can for their oil, even as used-car salesmen will for their used cars.

2. The U.S. oil companies were happily selling oil six years ago for $2 per barrel, that being the world price. When the oil price became the administered instrument of a foreign cartel, U.S. oil companies reacted in the normal way. A used-car salesman will not sell a used car for $200 if it costs $800 to replace it.

3. The public policy of the West should never deviate from the central objective, namely to break the power of the cartel. The OPEC nations are waging economic war against the rest of the world, and they should be regarded with the same hostility with which one regards the local usurer or monopolist.

4. The crystallization of an appropriate policy toward the OPEC powers, pending an emancipation from industrial dependence on oil—something which cannot happen in less than ten years—is a political responsibility, not a responsibility of the oil companies. The collective powers of the Republic are conscripted only by the authority of the Federal Government. It alone can speak to the OPEC nations in the name of the American people.

Demagogic banderilleros picking away at the oil companies are a distraction at best; at worst, a dangerous evasion. □

MEANWHILE AT CARIBBEAN EAST

New York, Oct. 22—They are the last places. Sun-soaked, unpolluted, pin-clean. A crescent of hundreds of islands, islets, and cays stretches enticingly down from Puerto Rico and the Virgins to the South American continent. It is a sailor's paradise. Green seas beat at rust-colored reefs, leggy palms fringe legendary beaches. Uniformed children make their way to school, the boys in holed knee-pants and cricket caps, the girls' skirts immaculately pleated. Where there is cricket, can there be Castro? Not many are noticing, but the ex-British Caribbean is in turmoil, weathering the first wintry blasts of Communism.

It began in March. On the 12th of that month, Grenada's elected Prime Minister, Sir Eric Gairy, left his sunny satrapy for New York to consult with his UN Mission (Grenada is the second smallest member of the UN, but by no means the least talkative). Before leaving, he had impounded a boat labeled "Grease" which however was gun-laden, courtesy of Cuba. He was apparently confident that by taking the boat, he had aborted a coup d'état; but other arms had been infiltrated into the country, and, on the 13th, the so-called Jewel movement announced over the radio that its new People's Revolutionary Army had taken possession of the island, that the "criminal dictator" Gairy was abroad, his ministers in jail, the state's barracks burnt to the ground.

Within weeks, heavy armament from Castro was on its way to Grenada (population about 100,000): artillery, anti-aircraft weaponry, pretty sophisticated stuff. The militia consists primarily of 15-year-olds, who alone are permitted to bear arms and, in their exuberance, have been known to kill or castrate themselves endeavoring to master the loading techniques of Czechoslovakian rifles. The official propaganda is resolutely anti-American specifically, and anti-white in general, a social tragedy in an island that has been racially integrated for generations.

Were there protests? Yes, St. Lucia (about a hundred miles north) fired off a cable to the Queen, just as in the good old days, asking that her government not recognize the revolutionaries. The reply was as expected: Her Majesty's Government need neither recognize nor not recognize the new government. The fact of it is that Great Britain is now tired of the West Indies, which for a generation have cultivated anti-English sentiment, have achieved independence, and have made economic demands on the most straitened country in Europe. The last whiff of British imperial grapeshot was fired a dozen years ago in an opera bouffe military operation against Anguilla which very nearly got Harold Wilson laughed out of office. Count Great Britain out.

Meanwhile, of course, there is chaos in Guyana, where Kleenex sells (on the black market) for $6 a box and a Marxist government proceeds chaotically to destroy the country. In Dominica, another palace coup (pronounced "coop" in the area). And on July 2, St. Lucia's prime minister lost in the polls to an ex-judge who talks hysterically on the podium, terminating his speeches with *"Viva la Revolución!"* The three revolutionary prime ministers scheduled a summit in Grenada, where they congratulated each other extensively and sported placards reading "CATO NEXT," the reference being to the stable government of Premier Minton Cato in St. Vincent's. Since the Communists already have Cuba, and have all but satellized Jamaica and Guyana, the question arises how long Barbados and Trinidad can hold out and, to the far north, Antigua.

AND HERE is the awful demographic center of gravity. The area we describe contains five to seven million people. In some islands, as many as 60 per cent of the population are under 19. Where will they find work, with the tightening of the borders? One speculation is that these young people are valuable as the newest export: ideological mercenaries. The Soviet Union is not disposed to use its own troops in the various wars of liberation. We have seen what thirty thousand professionally trained soldiers can do to bring stability to Africa, in the felicitous phrasing of Andy Young. Why not another thirty—or one hundred—thousand West Indian Communist mercenaries, otherwise jobless, to help the Soviet Union get on with exporting misery to the world?

U.S. policy in the matter, when last heard from, was incoherent. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A small, elongated, translucent, marine creeping creature, having lateral and caudal fins. — 25 194 80 152 88 26 18 160 115

B. Some of the people in this paradise were slaves — 150 7 181 195 39 117 27 166 199

C. Immediate apprehension — 48 11 140 50 172 177 198 89 19

D. PITCH TO MAN — 62 41 47 164 188 69 8 107 73 127

E. Pertaining to what in a novel, Lloyd C. Douglas termed *magnificent* — 68 138 49 148 163 176 23 185 2 34 91

F. An edition containing notes and comments by a number of scholars — 15 159 90 141 63 125 145 74

G. A herbiverous, orthopterous insect that often destroys *vegetation* — 20 10 37 55 82 86 116 120 66 103 149

H. A job in a theater that a man couldn't fill — 40 184 94 29 64 53 13 101 1

I. What Constantinople is now called — 5 24 44 12 51 60 9 36

J. A man or machine that excavates — 52 143 93 105 112 35 72 133 161 87 104

K. Zamenhof hoped that his artificial language would become popular — 77 114 78 33 54 95 108 142 155

L. A train of this can be derailed — 81 102 75 186 42 106 56

M. Remote, such as regions beyond a main city — 83 139 187 158 99 14 156 3

N. The result of this commercial disturbing the calm adjective is music — 110 43 76 16 130 97 147 67

O. A press release (it *makes you think* of almsgiving or appeasing a tip moocher) — 45 79 96 28 57 21 85

P. One of Robin Hood's merry men — 113 70 170 46 146 157 183 190 4 22

Q. What part of a basketball court is called (one at each end) — 123 71 171 128 58 134 111

R. Where the Krupp works are located — 131 30 191 109 98

S. An English poet (1714-1763) — 144 137 118 173 6 151 100 182 178

T. A city near Los Angeles; a city near Houston — 31 129 119 175 59 65 38 196

U. A town in Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia — 162 154 92 61 197 192 168 132 121

V. On the bounding main — 165 136 174 122

W. To free from vulgarity — 179 124 84 135 169 193

X. First name of big leaguers Orsatti and Lombardi — 189 32 180 167 126 17 153

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 1512 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

■	■	■	1 H	2 E	3 M	4 P	5 I	6 S	7 B	■	8 D	9 I	10 G	■	11 C	12 I	13 H	14 M
15 F	16 N	■	17 X	18 A	19 C	20 G	21 O	22 P	■	23 E	24 I	■	25 A	■	26 A	27 B	28 O	29 H
30 R	31 T	32 X	33 K	34 E	35 J	■	36 I	37 G	38 T	39 B	40 H	41 D	42 L	43 N	■	44 I	45 O	46 P
47 D	■	48 C	49 E	■	50 C	51 I	52 J	53 H	54 K	55 G	56 L	57 O	58 Q	59 T	■	60 I	61 U	■
62 D	63 F	64 H	65 T	■	66 G	67 N	68 E	69 D	70 P	71 Q	■	72 J	73 D	■	74 F	75 L	76 N	77 K
■	78 K	79 O	80 A	81 L	82 G	■	83 M	84 W	■	85 O	86 G	87 J	■	88 A	89 C	90 F	91 E	92 U
■	93 J	94 H	95 K	96 O	■	97 N	98 R	99 M	■	100S	101H	102L	103G	104J	■	105J	106L	107D
108K	109R	110N	111Q	■	112J	113P	114K	■	115A	116G	117B	118S	■	119T	120G	121U	122V	123Q
124W	125F	126X	■	127D	128Q	129T	130N	■	131R	132U	133J	134Q	135W	136V	137S	■	138E	139M
140C	■	141F	142K	■	143J	144S	■	145F	146P	147N	148E	149G	150B	151S	152A	153X	154U	■
155K	156M	■	157P	■	158M	159F	160A	161J	162U	■	163E	164D	165V	166B	167X	■	168U	169W
170P	171Q	■	172C	173S	■	174V	175T	176E	177C	178S	179W	180X	■	181B	182S	183P	■	184H
185E	186L	187M	188D	189X	190P	191R	192U	193W	194A	195B	■	196T	197U	198C	199B	■	■	■

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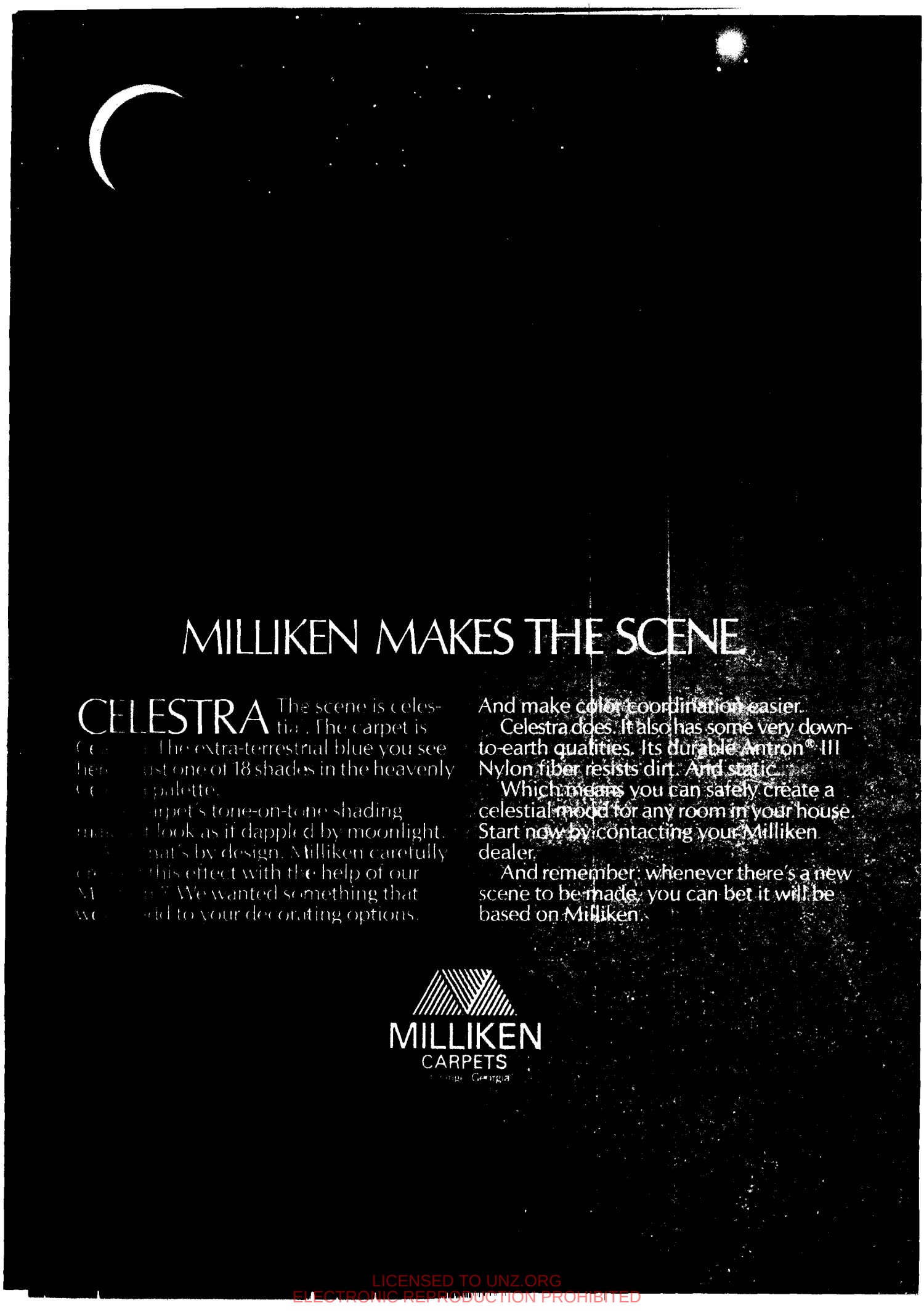
MILLIKEN MAKES THE SCENE.
CELESTRA The scene is celestial. The carpet is
Celestra. The extra-terrestrial blue you see
here is just one of 18 shades in the heavenly
Celestra palette.
The carpet's tone-on-tone shading
must look as if dappled by moonlight.
That's by design. Milliken carefully
created this effect with the help of our
Mood Staff. We wanted something that
would add to your decorating options.
And make color coordination easier.
Celestra does. It also has some very down-to-earth qualities. Its durable Antron® III Nylon fiber resists dirt. And static.
Which means you can safely create a celestial mood for any room in your house. Start now by contacting your Milliken dealer.
And remember: whenever there's a new scene to be made, you can bet it will be based on Milliken.
MILLIKEN
CARPETS
Georgia

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Rich Lights
from Viceroy

The rich low 'tar.'

Kings and 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av., per cigarette by FTC method.

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